

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

LEADER—	
Art considered in its own regard, and in regard to Genius	46
HISTORY—	
A History of the Hebrew Monarchy	46
BIOGRAPHY—	
Harris's Life of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke	47
SCIENCE—	
Matteucci's Lectures on the Physical Phenomena of Living Beings	49
Knapp's Chemical Technology	50
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS—	
Buckingham's Belgium, the Rhine, &c.	50
FICTION—	
Hasle's Pentamerone	52
Andersen's Christmas Greeting to his English Friends	53
Waverley Novels	54
POETRY—	
Greville's Poetic Prism	54
RELIGION—	
Hewson on Good and Bad Habits	54
Reason, Revelation, and Truth	54
Christmas's History of the Hampden Controversy	54
MISCELLANEOUS—	
Mrs. Crowe's Night Side of Nature	54
JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE—	
Reminiscences of Scenes and Characters in College ..	56
DECORATIVE ART—	
Decorative Art-Union	56
ART—	
Talk of the Studios	56
MUSIC—Musical Chit-Chat	57
DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS—	
Haymarket	57
Olympic	57
Polytechnic	57
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS	57
NECROLOGY—	
Mr. Isaac Disraeli	57
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS	58
JOURNAL OF PUBLIC HEALTH	58
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—	
Gossip of the Literary World	58
List of New Books	59
ADVERTISEMENTS.	

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THE CRITIC.

ART CONSIDERED IN ITS OWN REGARD,
AND

IN REGARD OF GENIUS.

LIKE the Eros and Anteros of the ancients, the true and the false Art were perhaps twin-born; and from the first the one has worked the other ill,—passing for it among the multitude by means of a common name and a deceitful resemblance, so that Art has become identified with things which it has no part in—a word familiarly and popularly profaned—a principle abused by pseudo-disciples and pharisaical pretenders—by journals of Art and objects of Art, falsely so called—till the great ideal Art grows yearly a less defined idea, and we are constantly betrayed into a confusion of the real and the counterfeit. This fact is evidenced by the various modifications in which the term is employed, and again and more injuriously by the careless and frequent misapprehension of the influence of Art upon genius. To divest ourselves of these inconsistencies, let us inquire what Art really is, leaving to what it is not a negative but progressive development. Is Art an incidentalism on the one hand, or a formalism on the other? Does it fortuitously follow every hand which rashly seizes a pencil, or, with the *furor scribendi* of the day, a pen? Is the growth of genius likely to be dwarfed or hindered, or its character enfeebled, by the exercise of Art? The former proposition requires no argument; it will be dismissed with an universal negative; yet it will contrive to ensnare society into a tacit and indolent affirmative ere the Anteros of Art stamps and circulates his counterfeits, forging the goldsmith's mark upon the showy trumpery of his Brummagem manufactures.

The second consideration is of a very different character. It is a question among those of a kindred intelligence, and who are endeavouring to walk together in the same luminous path—Is Art a formalism? No; it is a form—the *form of perfection*,—a Cytherea caught from the flashing Egean of Genius, to give laws of beauty for ever to the earth,—the material, actual, visible embodiment of the dream of poetry which has ever haunted, and will ever haunt, mankind,—that pervading essence whose invisible omnipresence writes above us in stars the wonders of God, and around us traverses all His works. This spirit of poetry takes earthly forms, and speaks by human voices when Art creates them from the infinite. Pictures, sculptures, and verses are these visible shapes and audible tongues. It is the abundant gift, the divine principle of art to create. Art, faithful to itself, is never artificial. It is a beautiful harmony—a divine symmetry—an exquisite order and arrangement, ever yearning to be better and purer, aiming at perfection—at something beyond itself! Thus it takes for its example the diviner symmetry of the universe, and is in fact akin to it, where there is nothing placed at random, but where all things have a beautiful relation, dependence, and agreement to, and on, and with, each other. Art is to genius what the form is to the spirit, what the flower is to the fragrance, what works are to faith in the great harmony of Christianity. Without either the other would be imperfect; their beauty is correlative, and cannot be distinct; their divided presence is at best unsatisfactory. Art is the moral law of genius, restraining it within the bounds of grace—a teacher ever chaste but never cold, since it passionately loves all beauty. The true disciple catches this sacred ardour, and kindles at every gleam from the bright shrine he worships. Thus the crowd who take its name, but have no kindred nature—those who grudge and envy the fame of others, who draw back from fellowship with the fresh aspirant, and do all they can to shut out the light of the rising planet, in whose superior ray they know their own must wane—are but “false brethren.” In all enduring and universal principles there is a union and a oneness. This is the Catholic presence of religion in all the highest objects of terrestrial interest, recalling us, as it were, by perpetual analogy to its diviner type. This is the omnipresence of

the Deity. All true artists feel themselves merged in Art, and lose their individual desire and ambition in the glory of the transcendent whole of which they are a part.

Between Art and Genius is so complicated and close a union, that it is very difficult to regard them entirely distinguished; a man may be a genius and not an artist (we will not stop to consider the doubtful degree of perfection he might attain), but a man cannot be an artist without genius. There could reign through his works, at best, but the marble beauty of death, the cold proportions of a corpse. If of their mutual dependencies Genius is the most independent, Art is the more comprehensive, and inclusive in itself, and, where perfectibility is considered, their relation is equal; and though Genius is born and may exist without Art, in an abstract existence, it could not exist long as a principle capable of giving character to a people, or distinction to a nation.

The ideal of Art has never been reached; there is, therefore, no fear at present of genius descending to it. No man, however great his natural powers, need fear their being crippled by a standard which cannot stop short of perfection. To excel Art would be a paradox, since to exceed it would in fact be to come short of it. Such things have been said and written, the language of flattery, or of enthusiasm. It may be that out of such have grown the vague and shadowy hypotheses we have been arguing to dispel. Of MICHAEL ANGELO and MILTON, for example, they are the sickly aphorisms which essayists have followed each other in huckneying. On the contrary, to such men, and especially to ANGELO, it was given to develop a fuller and higher ideal, to reveal fresh laws and forms of grace. Haunted and inspired by long communion with beauty, he was chosen to cast anew her image more lovely than in her youth.

The greatest poet our world of almost six thousand years has known, was SHAKESPEARE; but he discovered, and freely ranged, Art's widest realms; he did not outstep them, he but wandered among them with the fearlessness of one who knows his way. No other man was ever born at once so great a genius, and so great an artist. He found new models of beauty, and new sounds of music. They are among our *oracles of Art*. We despise the beaten way—he left a path unbeaten,—bright with his solitary footsteps! Who can follow it?

The possibility of Art being an enemy to genius is a blot on the old and holy bond of their union. The fear of its chilling, or trammeling, or weakening it, is about as well grounded an apprehension as that a child of promise might have the normal vigour of his intellect dulled by education. It is a fact that everything, however spiritual, demands naturally the government of form: the church of God on earth is visible, and specially ruled by it. Wherever men have worshipped, they have, in every age, raised outward structures, beautiful or otherwise, accordingly as they approached, or departed from, civilisation,—altars, temples, and tripods, the visible dwellings of the invisible spirit; and Art is the altar, the temple, the tripod; Genius the great oracle! Nature herself teaches us that labour is the instrument of perfection, and yields nothing that does not invite and require it. Her fields, her mines, her ocean-caves, are filled with treasures, but they must pass through the medium of a second power—the power of Art. To all the gifts of nature the same remark applies, and to genius especially. The parallel endlessly multiplies, and is of a height and depth too vast to follow.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

A History of the Hebrew Monarchy, from the Administration of Samuel to the Babylonish Captivity. London, 1847. Chapman.

THIS work is evidently the production of a learned and thoughtful man, and opens, at least to the English reader, a new manner of viewing the history of that remarkable people, from whom has gone forth the spirit which has

more than any other influenced the mind of humanity and moulded the destinies of nations. We would not, however, by this be understood to say that the genuine spirit of Christianity has ever been, in its purest and fullest extent, the actuating principle of any nation as such; but the history of the world shews us, that since the era of JESUS CHRIST, all thought all events, all revolutions, internal and external, have originated in, or been modified by, this one all-important circumstance, even when the darkness of the times cast a cloud about the understandings of mankind, which obscured to their view the light which had then arisen upon the world.

The plan of this history is thus stated by the author:—

A political history of the Hebrews is, no doubt, primarily to be here expected; but to omit on that account the narrative of their religious concerns, would be as absurd as to take no notice of poetry, art, and philosophy, in a history of Greece. The whole value of Hebrew history to us, turns upon the Hebrew religion. No reader must, therefore, be surprised to find the writer dilate upon solemn and profound topics, which would generally be out of place in ordinary history. On the other hand, as we have to deal with human fortunes, guaranteed to us by the evidence of documents which bear plentiful marks of the human mind and hand, we cannot dispense with the free and full criticism of these. And in criticising, we have no choice but to proceed by those laws of thought and of reasoning which in all the sciences have now received currency. We advance from the known towards the unknown. We assume that human nature is like itself; and interpret the men of early ages by our more intimate knowledge of contemporary and recent times, yet making allowance for the difference of circumstances. Much more do we believe that God is always like himself, and that whatever are his moral attributes now, and his consequent judgment of human conduct, such were they then, and at all times. Nor ought we to question that the relations between the divine and the human mind are still substantially the same as ever, until we find this obvious presumption utterly to fail; and accounting for the facts presented to our examination, we explain all the phenomena by known causes, in preference to inventing unknown ones; and when one anomaly after another is found gradually to be cleared up by patient research, and a world of reality to evolve itself before the mind, fresh confirmation is added to the grand principles of modern philosophy, which experience proves alone to teach to self-consistent harmonious results.

From the above, it is evident that we are not to expect from this writer the implicit faith in the facts and occurrences recorded in the Old Testament, which has been accorded to them by the Christian world. The author does not regard these Hebrew writings as directly inspired, and in every particular guaranteed by God. He conceives the mission of the Hebrew nation to have been to preserve in the world a faith in the one holy and living God, in the same sense that it was the calling of the Greeks and the Romans, respectively, to develop the principles of art and science, and to form and cultivate those of jurisprudence and municipal rule.

The author thus treats the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, which furnish the materials for the history of the Hebrew monarchy, as he would the records of any other rude people in a remote age—as he would a Norse Saga, or an old monkish chronicle. Not that there is in his tone any levity unbecoming the subject; conscious that he must be giving a shock to the opinions and feelings of a large body of Christians, he handles his theme with due reverence. It is for this reason, and that his opinions appear to be the result of earnest conviction, that he commands respect, even although our

views are altogether opposed to his. To us it has ever appeared, that the divine authority of the Old Testament forms, as it were, the pedestal of the New. Subtract the one, and with it falls the other—falls every outward evidence that Christianity is from God; all positive certainty of the futurity it has brought to light. True, the beauty, the purity, the love, yet remain to attest its divine origin; but it seems to us that even these must fail at all times to convince and to support, without the conviction which the express warrant of the Creator alone can give. That there are, however, many and great difficulties to be met with in the Hebrew Scriptures, regarded as the Divine word, we do not attempt to deny; but to view them in any other light, appears to us to raise up a host of difficulties still more startling, and to be attended with consequences, the perplexity of which it would not be easy to estimate. But besides being the medium of communication between the Father of Spirits and his human children, these Scriptures are human compositions, and possess features in common with all such productions. The knowledge concerning the facts of nature and science is neither more extensive nor more correct than the knowledge of the age—human events are by human beings interpreted according to the genius of the times. It was neither natural science nor human politics; it was Himself that Jehovah sought to reveal, His attributes, His will, His doings in time past, and so to depict in things present, in the mystic picture, dimly outlined in the sketch of prophecy, His mighty intentions for futurity, that when the events came to pass they might be known to proceed from Him from whom alone can come the emblem, as He alone appoints the reality by it foreshadowed.

It appears to us that the author of the *History of the Hebrew Monarchy* has erred in looking at the Old Testament *only* on its human side; but his error is the error of a sincere and earnest man, and we think may be not unproductive of benefit in removing some of the very difficulties he has started, by awakening to a consideration of them those who take opposite views. That difficulties will ever be done away under the present dispensation appears to us impossible; but we ought to prize our very doubts and difficulties, if they teach us to respect the doubts and difficulties of others. From sympathy flows that behaviour which CHRIST declared to be "the law and the prophets." The weapon wherewith we ought to combat error is not investive, but reason coupled with kindness; for the end of all truth is charity!

We now proceed to give a few extracts from this work, selecting such as we think best adapted to convey an idea of the author's style and manner. Those we take are chiefly disquisitive, as the author's *forte* lies rather in discussion than in picturesque narrative. Such are his remarks upon the projected

BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE.

These and other accessions of valuable metal gave rise to a new scheme in David's contemplations. It was at least propagated and believed afterwards that he had designed to build a splendid temple for the Ark of God, instead of the pavilion of curtains in which it had hitherto lodged; but that the prophet Nathan, who had at first encouraged the scheme, received a nightly revelation from Jehovah that it was not his will at present; but that a *Son of David* should build the house of Jehovah, and that his seed should reign for ever on his throne. This very remarkable message, undoubtedly in its first intent, pointed at Solomon, son of David; and it deserves attention as the commencement of new prophetic thoughts of immense moment. For the *oath* which on this occa-

sion Jehovah made to David through the prophet was perpetually celebrated by the psalmists of Israel, as indeed by David himself in his last words of poetry. By the deep hold which the idea took on the national mind, it saved the royalty to the house of David for several centuries; and when it failed at last, bequeathed to posterity a new and mystical interpretation of still grander import.

Here it will be observed that the author infers, as he afterwards avows, a belief that the composition of the Pentateuch was subsequent to that of the books treating of the monarchy.

In the following does the historian allude to, and comment upon, the famous

DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSYRIAN HOST UNDER SENNACHERIB.

Just then news arrived that the king of Ethiopia, was on his march to repel Sennacherib,—news which stirred him up to fresh rage against the Jewish king, as having merely sought to gain time by pretended submission, while secretly negotiating with the Ethiopians. Yet he made no new attempts against Jerusalem, farther than a war of words, in which he was decidedly inferior; for his repeated message of defiance was met by a splendid piece of eloquence from Isaiah, which we still read with interest and admiration. The more formidable attack to be expected from the Ethiopians, and Sennacherib's desire to possess himself of all the fortresses on the frontier, forbade him concentrating his force on Jerusalem; and his career in Judea was almost closed. The very next fact preserved to us is the dissolution of his formidable host without the hand of man. In the emphatic description prompted by devout gratitude, "the angel of Jehovah went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians 185,000 men." So marvellous a drying up of the flood, which had almost swept the land bare, even had it not been predicted, must have seemed a supernatural mercy, brought about by miraculous agency; and if the received explanation is correct, that *pestilence* was the secondary cause. This can scarcely be held to make the event less mysterious, unless the text of Isaiah has since received sharpening touches. According to the traditions reported by Herodotus, the town population of Egypt had become so alarmed by the obvious impending invasion, that the priest-king was at length enabled to make up any army of artisans, who marched out against Sennacherib. But before they could reach the foe, an unseen hand had done the work of destruction; whether panic smiting his people's hearts by night, or pestilence while he was sitting before Sibnah, or the hot wind of the desert, or the quick-sands of the Sabonian bog, while he was essaying to march into Egypt—whatever was the cause, the army was no more; the Egyptians ascribed glory to the god of Memphis, and Hezekiah to the true Jehovah. On the arrival of the news, all the dispersed detachments of the ruined invader of course consulted for themselves, so that Hezekiah's territory was instantly freed from the presence of an enemy. The gratitude of Judah burst forth into various hymns of praise, several of which are extant. There seems at least to be little doubt that the 76th, 46th, and 48th Psalms are commemorative of this great event, and there can have been few in the land who refused, for once, to become religious. But while glory was given for a little while to God, a more permanent glory accrued to man,—to Hezekiah among foreign powers, and to Isaiah among his own countrymen. The latter may seem now to have been at the height of his greatness. For ten years together he held the same invariable language; indeed from the commencement of his public career as a prophet, he had proclaimed a doctrine similar in tone, and now crowned by success. The seal of the Most High appeared to have been put upon his testimony; and during the remainder of his tranquil old age he must have enjoyed universal veneration from his own people.

With the author, we firmly believe that God is unchangeable; that such as He is now He has been from all eternity. In addition to this, we believe that not only immediately

by His works, but directly by His Word, He has revealed himself to his creatures. That the creature has often been unable rightly to conceive the very purpose he was made the medium of announcing—has woefully misinterpreted His dealings, and rashly ventured to predicate His counsels—is to us but a proof of human fallibility—a motive to human forbearance. Religion—Christianity—moulds and develops the character of a people, and in turn is developed by the progress it has been the chief agent in promoting. The Christian faith, like God, upon whose authority we have accepted it as *the* truth, *cannot* change; but as the mental and moral perceptions of mankind become clearer by knowledge and experience, so do they more clearly discern the true nature of its obligations—the universal applicability and excelling beauty of all its commandments.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; with Selections from his Correspondence, Diaries, Speeches, and Judgments. By GEORGE HARRIS, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. In 3 vols. London, 1848. Moxon.

THE legal and historical interest of this work is scarcely greater than its attractions for the general reader. The treasures of the family chests at Wimpole were opened to the biographer, and he availed himself of the opportunity to glean plentifully from the abundant correspondence there preserved, and introduce the hitherto unpublished letters of almost every personage of note who was the contemporary of the Chancellor. It is seldom that such rich materials are placed at the disposal of a biographer, and it is fortunate that a gentleman of Mr. HARRIS's sound judgment and unwearied industry should have been the first to explore the huge chests where these documents were found, stored away with the neatness and precision of mercantile accounts, every letter folded and indorsed, shewing, in a striking manner, the love of order and the methodical habits that distinguished Lord HARDWICKE.

Hence the three bulky volumes before us, whose interest is far larger than usually appertains to biography. Here are the materials for a complete history of the times in which the subject of the memoir flourished. Almost every page introduces to the reader the letter of some distinguished person, whose confidential communications suggest a thousand topics for reflection, and will be read with the eager curiosity with which we peruse the least words of greatness that has passed away.

LORD HARDWICKE has been rightly esteemed by the Profession as a model Judge. He was, indeed, in all respects a good and a great man. He rose by merit alone, and not, like so many other Chancellors, by political time-serving or clever *ratting*. He had few connections, no money. He went to the Bar without so much as the usual patronage of family and friends. Yet was his rise rapid beyond precedent. He was called at the age of twenty-six; in two years he was in large practice, and so promising that he was sought after by the opposing political parties as a man to be coveted. In three years from his call he was in Parliament; in another year he was appointed Solicitor-General; four years after that he was Attorney-General; nine years after he was promoted to be Lord Chief Justice, with a peerage; and before he was forty-seven he was Lord High Chancellor of England.

And this man was the son of a poor attorney at Dover. He was articled to an attorney in London, Mr. SALKELD, of Brook-street, Holborn. So much did he please his master, that by his advice he quitted the desk to go to the Bar, and became a student of the Middle Temple in 1708. Of his legal education very little has been ascertained. He was a methodical, but not a laborious reader; and he mingled the studies of science, literature and society with that of law. All that is preserved

of his student days is contained in the following passage:—

Some information as to the mode in which Yorke pursued his early professional studies may be gleaned from the papers and manuscripts which belonged to him at this period, and which are still in the Hardwicke collection. A great many cases and opinions were at this time copied by him, as also several judgments of the different Courts on important points. He also appears to have been very fond of collecting old law works in manuscript, as several of these are among his law papers, and which, from the date written under his name, must have been obtained during the period of his studentship. There is an ancient treatise on the Court of Chancery, by Sir R. Cotton, in manuscript, with the name "W. Salkeld" written in the title-page. I also find a printed copy of *Coke's Abridgment*, in Norman French, the date of which is 1640. It is in size a small octavo; and the leaves of it have been cut out and pasted in a large quarto blank volume, so as to afford room for notes and comments; which have been very amply supplied, both in French and English, and which contain references to various decisions and authorities bearing upon the different points in the text. The manuscript thus added is very similar to, if not really in the handwriting of Yorke, as evinced in the letters already quoted and his early style in general, though the words are somewhat rounder, as would probably be the case in a juvenile hand. Some of the letters, indeed, in the peculiarity of their formation and turns, appear precisely to correspond with those in his epistles. There is no doubt of the book having belonged to Yorke while he was a student; and every circumstance seems to favour the supposition that the annotations in question formed a portion of his labours at this period, and probably largely contributed to store his mind with that knowledge of the older writers and authorities, and that acute perception of the first principles of the science, for the possession of which throughout his career he was so pre-eminently distinguished. There are also several note-books and treatises on different branches of professional knowledge and practice, some of which are evidently in Yorke's own handwriting. Among these, is one entitled "Rules of Practice of the Court of King's Bench," which, with a copious index, is entirely in his hand. There are a good many volumes of manuscript reports of cases, some of which are denominated "Cases ex relatione Amicorum." These, it may be supposed, he was permitted to have copied from his friends' reports of them; and on the fly-leaf of one of these volumes is written, "Paid for writing to fo. 145 inclusive, 1*l*. 5*s*. 9*d*." Certain of these manuscript reports are in several different handwritings, though every here and there we find some of Yorke's, in the correction of a passage, or supplying the title to a case, or an explanatory note, which shews the care and attention that he bestowed on them.

A manuscript treatise, contained in a thin quarto volume, bound in parchment, is headed in Yorke's handwriting, "Of Pardons in Cases of Impeachments, written in ye year 1717," which was after his call to the Bar.

It is a point of considerable interest whether Yorke ever studied the Civil Law with any one, with the principles of which he appears to have become very early familiar, and to which he constantly referred, both in his arguments while at the Bar and in his decisions as a judge, and which he also strongly recommended to the study of others. His principal instructors here, however, were probably the different treatises of the leading authorities on the subject, with whose profound and masterly productions his mind was fully imbued.

He married a rich widow, who brought him youth, beauty, and connections, as well as fortune. She was a niece of Lord SOMERS, and no doubt the efforts of her family contributed not a little to his rapid elevation.

It is not so recorded, but it is probable, that in his old master, Mr. SALKELD, the young PHILIP YORKE found a steady patron, and that from the moment of his call he was supplied with briefs. But no amount of patronage can push a man at the Bar, if he be incompetent to the post; and it was because YORKE proved himself apt as an advocate, that his friends were enabled to continue to him their briefs, and strangers were tempted to come to him.

His successive promotions were fairly won. His first appointment as Solicitor-General was made at a time when his standing, according to the custom of the Profession, did not entitle him to it, and he

was placed over the heads of many seniors, who were thought to have a better claim. But although this favouritism of the Chancellor caused a great deal of discontent and indignation, the object of it was never accused of having obtained his honours by any unworthy efforts on his own part. They were fairly thrust upon him. After this first step, his progress was in the due course of things, remarkable only for the uninterrupted stream of his good fortune. He was prosperous and happy in everything. His public life was almost without a vexation; his professional career was a succession of triumphs; in his domestic circle he was blest as man could be. The rich widow proved an excellent wife. He had a numerous family, every one of whom lived and thrived. His health was uninterrupted; his intellect unimpaired to the last. He held the seals twenty years, respected by king and people. He quitted office at his own request, retiring into private life before he was too old to enjoy its calm and quiet. The evening of his days was spent in the bosom of his family.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell, like autumn leaves, tho' cherished long,
E'en wondered at because they fell no sooner.

As his life had been without a care, so was his death without a pang. He slept in the Lord.

Such is a brief outline of the career of this fortunate lawyer,—fortunate, because such a combination of favourable chances is of rare occurrence, and more rarely still do they find a man prepared to take advantage of them.

We proceed now to cull from these rich and abundant pages a few, and they must necessarily be very few, of the deeply interesting letters, anecdotes, and memoranda which meet us wherever we turn. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's famous government by corruption is admirably illustrated by the following passage in Lord HARDWICKE's handwriting:—

A BARGAIN FOR THE SEALS.

On Monday, ye 14th of Febr, [1736-7] abt five in ye morning, died Charles Lord Talbot, Lord High Chaner of Great Britain. The same forenoon, being at the sittings in Westminster Hall, I received a letter from Sir Robt Walpole, desiring to speak with me on the event of that morning, & wishing that I would dine with him that day in private. I went accordingly; & after dinner he proposed the Great Seal to me in the King's name. Thereupon, I took occasion to state to him the progress of what related to yt affair since ye session of Parlt, which ended in 1733; that I was now in a quiet situation, which by practice was become easy to me; that I had no ambition to go higher; & tho' I had the most dutiful & grateful sense of his Majty's goodness, desired to be left where I was. He grew more pressing, & talked in ye civil strain familiar to Ministers on such occasions; after which I told him I would come to no resolution then, but would consider of it. At ye same time, I acquainted him with the near prospect of the office of Chief Clerk of the King's Bench soon fall into my disposition, which I might grant for two lives for the benefit of my family, & therefore (if I shod at last determine to accept the Great Seal) common prudence required that I shod have some equivalent. Sir Robert entered into this with earnestness; said it was not only reasonable but necessary; & at first hinted at some treaty with Mr. Ventris for a surrender of the office, & letting in a new life for ye benefit of my family, or taking one of the additional 1,000*l*. pr ann. from the office of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, & restoring it to the Chancellor's office. I explicitly, & without hesitation, declared that I would do neither; for I would not lessen the place I left to the prejudice of my successor, to augment that which I should be going into; and I compared it to ye case of a bishop who was about to be translated, calling in his tenants to fill up leases at an undervalue. I told him further, that if I shod happen to accept ye Great Seal, ye most proper equivalent to my family seemed to be yt of ye office of Teller of ye Exchequer to my eldest son in reversion for life, for I was determined to take no sum of money, nor any augmentation of salary. He readily declared this to be very reasonable; but as the King had a dislike to reversionary grants, especially those for life, this point must be reserved for his Majesty's pleasure, as the principal one was for my deliberation. After a few days, I was made acquainted that the King persisted in his intention to put ye Great Seal into my hands, & was willing to grant the Teller's place in the manner which had been suggested; whereupon I resolved

humbly to submit myself to his Royal pleasure by taking on me this arduous and burthensome station.

Let us take another peep behind the scenes, shewing how Cabinets were constructed by the same master of his art:—

CABINET-MAKING.

On Saturday night, the 19th Feby, I was called to a meeting at Sir Robert Walpole's, where were present the Dukes of Grafton, Devonshire, and Newcastle, the Earl of Scarborough, and Mr. Walpole. Sir Robt then informed us, with how great difficulty he had at last persuaded the King to submit to make the Prince's allowance independent, & to settle the jointure; and that the King wou give him authy to declare to the House of Commons when the motion shod be made, that his Majesty had agreed to both these points. Some of ye company, of whom I was one, but what person in particular began it has escaped by memory, made an objection that if this shod be declared first in ye House of Commons with the Prince, or at least his treasurer, being previously acquainted with it, it would have the aim of an intended surprise; & besides, the friends of the Royal Family there might think themselves ill used, to be brought into so great a difficulty as to voting in a dispute between the King and Prince, when perhaps such a previous step might have prevented its coming in. Tho' this objection was made, yet a public message to ye Prince was never once mentioned, or (as I verily believe) then thought of; nay, Sir Robert Walpole then declared, that it was in vain to imagine that the King could ever be brought to what would be called so low an act of submission to his son, as to permit any private communication of ye kind yn hinted to be made to him after ye steps ye Prince had already taken. With this the meeting broke up. On Sunday, the 20th of Feby, about noon, I received the King's commands, by the Duke of Newcastle, to attend his Majesty the next day in council to receive the Great Seal, and the Privy Council was summoned to meet on Monday, at 12 of ye clock. I went to Court about that hour, expecting no other business but the solemnities usually attending the appointment of a Lord Chancellor, when the Duke of Newcastle meeting me there, told me that it was resolved to send a message to the Prince by some lords of the Cabinet Council, but that he understood I was not intended to be one, by reason that I had been so lately invested with my new employment.

Not long afterwards, whilst I was waiting in the room next the bed-chamber with my Lord President, the Dukes of Argyle and Newcastle, and several other Lords, Sir Robert Walpole came out of the King's Closet, in a great hurry, with a paper in his hand; & calling all the Lords of the Cabinet then present about him at the upper end of the room, acquainted them that it was the King's pleasure that the message, of which he then read over a draught in his (Sir Robt W.'s) own handwriting, should be forthwith carried to the Prince by the Lord Chan, Ld President, Ld Steward, and Ld Chamberlain. I own, after what I have been told, the naming of me did not a little surprise me, and made me expostulate with Sir Robert aside, on the hardship of makg such a disagreeable errand to the Prince, my first act of office. He assured me that he had hinted this to the King, as far as he durst venture in so nice a case; but his Majesty's answer was,—*my Chancellor shall goe*. On Monday, the 5th of Sept, I was desired to meet Sr Rob. Walpole at Hampton Court, with only the Duke of Newcastle & Mr. Pelham. There the minister produced two other letters by the Prince to the King and Queen respectively, after the christening; & acquainted us that the King was not in the least satisfied with any of the submissions his son had hitherto made. That with regard to his Majesty himself, they were mere words, and calculated to be offensive and provoking to the Queen. That none of the letters contained any assure of a change of conduct, or of acting in subordination to his father's will for the future. That his R. H. was entirely under the influence and direction of persons whom his Majesty had thot fit to remove from his councils & service, & who were in a determined opposition to all his measures; & that *Ld Chesterfield & Ld Carteret* were known to be with him in private every day, & were called into the closet after the levee, as regularly as the Kg's ministers were called into his. He recapitulated many particulars, to show that the Prince had avowedly set himself at the head of a faction in opposition to the King, & therefore that these letters were understood by the King to proceed from their dictates, & to be intended only to amuse & deceive him. That things being in this situatn, the King had come to a resolution not to permit his son to reside any longer in his palace, but to send him an order to depart with his whole family, as soon as it could

be done with prejudice or inconvenience to the Princess; and had commanded him to prepare a draught of a message for that purpose, which he read to us. We all expressed our concern at this extremity, & our opinion that it should be avoided, if possible to be done, saving the King's honour. But we were told it was the King's fixed resolution; upon which, I said that I had already at large declared my sentiments as to the measures and its consequences, some of which I repeated; and then it was proposed that, before any such order was sent, a message should be sent to the Prince, informing him what kind of submission the King expected from him, and what alterations in his conduct his Majesty required as the terms of a reconciliation. But it was answered by Sir R. W. that this would only beget mutual altercations, & a paper war between the king and his son, which would be worse than taking it short at first.

Here is a curious anecdote—

The following anecdote may perhaps serve to evince that the courtesy of the Chancellor was extended not only to the counsel and solicitors, but also to the suitors who came before him:—A case was being argued before Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, in which a grandson of Oliver Cromwell, who bore the Protector's surname, was a party. The counsel opposed to him took occasion to cast some reflections on the memory of his ancestor, on which Lord Chancellor Hardwicke said, "I observe Mr. Cromwell standing outside the bar there, inconveniently pressed by the crowd; make way for him, that he may sit by me on the bench." This had the effect of silencing the uncalculated-for sarcasms of the advocate, who therefore moderated his tone.

And here is an amusing one—

Lord Hardwicke was much diverted with the King's looking at him the first time he went to the levee after giving up the seal, and knowing him no more in a common coat, and without the Chancellor's wig, than if he had never seen him. The lord in waiting observing this, told his Majesty, "Lord Hardwicke, was there;" but this was a name the King did not know the sound of, and had no ideas annexed to, and only brought out the usual cold question (most happily applied just then), of "How long had his lordship been in town?" His Majesty was himself amused with the oddness of his mistake when he found it out, which was not till he had retired; and he afterwards told Lord Hardwicke, at the drawing-room, that having been used for about thirty years to see him in so different a dress,—indeed, never having seen him out of it before,—he had not the least knowledge of him.

Probably we may make some further gleanings.

SCIENCE.

Lectures on the Physical Phenomena of Living Beings. By CARLO MATTEUCCI, Professor in the University of Pisa. Translated under the superintendence of JONATHAN PEREIRA, M.D. F.R.S. &c. Longman and Co. IN 1844 Professor MATTEUCCI was appointed by the government of Tuscany to deliver in the University of Pisa a course of Lectures on the Physical Phenomena of Living Beings. These lectures were subsequently published; and their popularity is attested by the fact that they have already passed through two editions in Italy, and one in France.

Such is Dr. PEREIRA's introduction of this work in an English dress. But it needs no other recommendation than a glance at its contents. It is one of the most valuable contributions to physiology which our age has produced; and the results have been attained in a manner the most legitimate, by sagacious deductions from experiments pursued with astonishing perseverance, patience, and skill.

The Professor's aim has been to investigate the laws of animal life as exhibited in animal organisation. By means of extensive series of experiments, some of them, it must be confessed, having the aspect of cruelty which not even the pursuit of science can justify, Professor MATTEUCCI has proved that a large number of the actions which we have been wont to deem vital are purely physical, the results of

organisation, which, however, is in its turn the produce of vitality. And all is stated with a precision quite refreshing amid the obscurities and indefinite terms so frequent in scientific works, upon which the Professor remarks:—

If Newton had called the force which rules the wondrous system of the celestial machine merely attraction, or attractive force, his name would long since have fallen into oblivion: but, by demonstrating that attraction is exercised in the direct ratio of the masses and in the inverse ratio of the squares of the distance, and by thus unfolding the eternal laws of this force, Newton has rendered his name immortal. To speak of the vital forces, to give them a definition, to interpret phenomena by their aid, and yet to be ignorant of the laws which govern them, is doing nothing, or rather it is doing what is worse than nothing: it is to attempt an impossibility; it is to content the mind to no purpose, to stop the search after truth. To state that the liver separates the elements of the bile from the blood by means of the vital force, is merely to assert that the bile is formed in the liver. By thus varying the expression, a dangerous illusion is established.

But to attempt to follow him through the principles he enumerates, and all the discoveries he announces, would be impracticable in a weekly journal. We cannot do more than introduce the work to the special attention of our readers, and recommend it to their regards by a few extracts, which will enable them to form some notion of the nature and value of its contents, and of the author's perspicuous style.

According to the Professor, in animals as in plants the electric process of endosmosis and exosmosis is continually in action. He first noticed the current in the frog; but he says,—

Recently, by studying more attentively the proper current, I have satisfied myself that it is a phenomenon which appertains to all animals. Here is the enunciation of the fact: in every muscle endowed with life, in which the tendinous extremities are not equally disposed, there exists a current directed from the tendon to the muscle, in the interior of the latter. All animals have some muscles in which one tendinous extremity is narrower than the other; and which, at one part, forms a kind of cord, and at the other, becomes broader and ribbon-like. In the frog, and many other animals, the gastrocnemius has this character: in birds, the pectoral muscle presents this arrangement. When we form a pile with these muscles, we find that a current circulates in the muscle, from the tendinous extremity to the muscular surface. In arranging this pile we must carefully avoid exposing the internal part of the muscle, and we must especially place one element in contact with another, in such a manner that the tendinous extremity touches the surface of the muscle, and never its interior: indeed, the latter ought to be as far as possible from the tendon. Without this precaution, there will be, in the circuit, the muscular current, which being directed from the interior to the surface, would have a direction precisely the reverse of the proper current.

His experiments on the effects of galvanic action upon the brain and nervous system are curious.

In conjunction with Longet, I examined the action of the electric current upon the roots of the spinal nerves, and on the fasciculi of the spinal marrow. The following are the results obtained. With the anterior roots, which are for motion, there were, as usual, in the first period, contractions produced both when we closed and when we interrupted the circuit, whatever was the direction of the current. In the second period of excitability, we obtained, by acting upon the anterior roots, the opposite effect to that which took place upon the mixed nerves; the inverse current excited contractions in the first moments of its passage, and none when it ceased; the direct current, on the contrary, pro-

duced them when it was interrupted, and not when we closed it. It is unnecessary to add, that contractions were never produced when we acted upon the posterior roots, provided that we had divided the anterior ones. The anterior fasciculi of the spinal marrow offered the same phenomena as the corresponding roots. These differences appear to me of the very highest importance.

I have recently found that a mixed nerve, after having been submitted to a great number of successive discharges, such as can be obtained with an electro-magnetic machine, presents, for a certain time, the phenomena of the anterior roots now described. This study, I repeat, will be of the highest importance for the physics of the nervous system; and the facts related lead us to assume that the differences obtained with different nerves are due rather to a difference of structure than to a different state of the nervous fluid.

He makes practical use of the discovery in its application to disease. We take two of these:—

In paralysis.—Abstraction being made of all purely theoretical ideas, and independently of all hypothesis of the nervous force, we may admit that, in certain cases of paralysis, the nerves undergo an alteration analogous to that which they would suffer if they had been subjected to a continued passage of the electric current. We have seen that, in order to restore to a nerve the excitability lost by the passage of this current, it is necessary to subject it to the action of the inverse current. I must add, in favour of the efficacy of the therapeutic use of this current, that a limb although paralysed, constantly suffers some contractions when it is submitted either to the passage of a current or to the action of electric discharges; and these contractions favour the restoration of the functions of the muscles. Experiment confirms these ideas: divide the two sciatic nerves of a living frog, allow one of the two limbs to remain quiet for ten, fifteen, or twenty days, and submit the other, two or three times a day, to the action of the current. The latter will continue to contract, whilst the other will fail to give any contractions when the current is applied to it. I am anxious to state to you some rules which I consider as important in the application of the current to the treatment of paralysis. You should always commence by employing a very weak current. This precaution seems to me now more important than I formerly believed it to be, having seen one paralytic patient seized with true tetanic convulsions under the action of a current furnished by a single element. Take care never to continue the current for too long a period, especially if it be energetic. Apply the interrupted current in preference to the continued one; but after twenty or thirty shocks, at the most, allow the patient to have a few moments' repose. Both practice and theory seem to prove, that the interrupted current is more useful than the continued one. The number of authentic cases of paralysis cured by the electrical treatment is already sufficiently great to encourage physicians and patients to persevere in its use. Perseverance, indeed, is indispensable in the application of the electric current, for, without it, successful results are impossible.

In Tetanus.—The use of the electric current has been suggested in another malady, namely, tetanus. I believe I am the first who has attempted its application to man.

The principles on which is founded its employment for the cure of this disease are the following. A current which circulates by jerks in an animal during a certain time, produces tetanic convulsions; the direct current, if continued sufficiently long, produces, on the contrary, paralysis. From this it was concluded, that the continued passage of the latter, in a tetanised limb, would destroy this condition, by producing a state more or less allied to paralysis. The truth of this conclusion is demonstrated by facts. In operating upon frogs which have been tetanised by narcotics or hydrocyanic acid, we observe a fit of tetanus cease under the influence of the prolonged passage of a direct current. The frogs die without presenting those convulsions,

which are observed to take place when these animals have not been submitted to the direct current. The effects produced by the application of the electric current in a case of tetanus, which I published in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* (May, 1838), appeared to me in some degree to prove the truth of the scientific principles which I have explained to you. During the passage of the current, the patient experienced no violent convulsions; he was able to open and shut his mouth; and circulation and perspiration appeared to be re-established. Unfortunately, this amendment did not continue long; the disease being occasioned and kept up by the introduction of foreign bodies into the muscles of the leg. Perhaps more satisfactory results from the electric current may be expected, in cases where tetanus has not been caused by a traumatic injury; moreover, we ought already to be thankful in being able to lessen the sufferings to which this dreadful disease gives rise.

In his lecture on nervous force he relates the following curious fact:—

While travelling on one occasion with the celebrated Robert Stephenson, we were obliged to send a man on foot forty miles. I asked Mr. Stephenson what quantity of carbon was necessary to transport a man forty miles by a locomotive? He replied about 5 kilogrammes (about 11 lbs. avoirdupois). The person we had despatched accomplished his journey, by walking, in less than ten hours, consuming by his respiration a quantity of carbon not exceeding 150 grammes; that is about 1-34th of the quantity which would have been necessary if this transit had been effected by a locomotive. M. Dumas has calculated how much carbon would be burnt in a steam-engine in conveying a man from the level of the sea to the summit of Mont Blanc. The quantity would be from 1,000 to 1,200 grammes: but a man accomplishes this feat by a two days' march, and consumes only 300 grammes. The difference in the second example is not so great as in the first; because the useful result which we obtain from a stationary steam-engine is much more considerable than that from a locomotive. It is equally true that the difference is very great, and that the work produced from nervous force derived from a certain chemical action is much greater than that which this same action produces when converted into heat.

We conclude with his lucid description of the process of absorption:—

Absorption, considered as a function of living animals, consists not merely in the imbibition of a liquid by a tissue, but also of the passage into the blood-vessels of the liquid with which such tissue is in contact. It is at the blood that the absorbed matter ought to arrive; this is the final object of the phenomenon. Let us distinguish, then, two things in absorption—the introduction of the substance to be absorbed through the interstices of an organised body, and its subsequent passage into the circulation. It is easy to demonstrate the existence of the first part of this function. Here is a frog, whose inferior extremities only have been immersed for several hours in a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium: if we remove the animal from the liquid, carefully wash it with distilled water, and then cut it in pieces, we can easily prove that the solution has penetrated into every part. Wherever we touch the viscera or tissues with a glass rod moistened with a solution of the chloride of iron, a more or less deep blue stain is produced. I shall the more insist on this manner of demonstrating the reality of absorption, because it explains to us very clearly the two parts of which we have stated this function to consist. If a living frog be immersed, by its inferior extremities only, in a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium, and the animal soon after killed, we can scarcely detect any traces of the salt in the muscles of the legs and thighs; whereas the heart and lungs give very distinct evidence of it when they are touched with chloride of iron. One experiment more, and the conclusion will be evident. I immerse another frog, which has been dead for some minutes, in the same solution, and leave it there for the same time that I did the other: when

tested, the lungs and heart offer no greater evidences of the presence of the ferrocyanide than does any other part of the body. Here is the explanation of these experiments. The solution was introduced into the body of the frog simply by imbibition; and this phenomenon, being effected in the living as well as the dead frog, certainly cannot be regarded as different from the imbibition which we have already studied, which belongs to both organic and inorganic bodies, and which is the consequence of their cellular and vascular structure, &c. But there is something more than this. In the heart and lungs of a living frog we find a much larger quantity of the absorbed solution than in the other parts of the body, although these latter were much nearer to the part immersed. These viscera are the centre of the circulatory system; in them commence or terminate the trunks of the blood-vessels. The solution of the ferrocyanide, therefore, has penetrated the blood-vessels by imbibition, mingled with the blood, and thus arrived at the heart and lungs. We have another very simple experiment proving the same facts: I take two frogs, and from one remove the heart; the animals are equally lively. Both are placed in a large glass containing a solution of the extract of nuxvomica. The animal with the heart is soon poisoned, and long before the other becomes affected.

Chemical Technology: or, Chemistry applied to the Arts and Manufactures. By Dr. T. KNAPP, Professor of the University of Giessen. Edited with Numerous Notes and Additions by Dr. EDMUND RONALDS, Lecturer on Chemistry at the Middlesex Hospital, and Dr. THOMAS RICHARDSON, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Vol. I. London, 1848. Baillière.

THIS is the third volume of the valuable "Library of Illustrated Standard Scientific Works," published by Mr. BAILLIÈRE, and is the most popular of the series in its subject and treatment. Dr. KNAPP's *Chemical Technology* is famous, not only for the completeness of its information, but also for the admirable arrangement of its materials, grouping together those branches of chemical industry which are in fact allied, so that the reader obtains a comprehensive view of the entire range of chemical manufacture.

As being the foundation of almost all other processes, Dr. KNAPP commences with a minute account of the preparation of wood, charcoal, and coke, in the production of which so many improvements have been made of late years. This is followed by a minute examination of the relative value of fuels, the most approved methods of heating, and the effect of fuel. The materials for the production of light are next treated of, including a description of the various lamps in use, and their relative advantages, introducing the subject of gas-making and burning, and its illuminating powers. This is followed by ample instructions for the manufacture of the various alkalies and earths, and their applications in the arts, and which occupy the remainder of the volume.

The utility of such a work will be apparent, from the facts stated in the preface relative to the wasteful processes pursued at present in many of these branches of industry. It is estimated that at Swansea alone there is a waste of sulphur (destroying the surrounding vegetation) sufficient for the manufacture of all the alkali produced in the kingdom. In the smelting of iron it is computed that there is an annual waste of no less than three millions of tons of coal!

The translators and editors have introduced many notes, that add greatly to the value of their original, and they have subjoined a list of patents recently taken out in the manufactures treated of on a comparative scale of weights and measures.

The volume is profusely illustrated with woodcuts, which make every process described pleasingly intelligible to the eye; of these there are indeed no less than 212. The typography is exquisite, and such combination of the abilities of author, artist, translator, annotator, printer, and publisher, cannot but recommend this volume to the library of every manufacturer and chemist, as well as to every me-

chanics' institution and scientific society, in the United Kingdom.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Holland: an Autumnal Tour. By J. S. BUCKINGHAM. In 2 vols. London. Jackson.

It must be confessed that Mr. BUCKINGHAM's subject is somewhat of the stalest. Two goodly volumes dedicated to a description of the tourist's great highway, which is visited every summer by a considerable section of the population of the British Isles, and about which a whole library has been written already, are at least entitled to some examination if only for the daring of the experiment. But Mr. BUCKINGHAM may plead in his defence a precedent of a similar experiment which was attended with great success. Mr. Serjeant TALFOURD's *Vacation Rambles* were made over very nearly the same tract, and his narrative of them was cordially welcomed by the press and patronised by the public. There is no reason why the same press and the same public should abuse or neglect Mr. BUCKINGHAM for the self same enterprise which they applauded in his learned predecessor.

And, in truth, prejudice apart, there is no justice in the complaint of hackneyed themes. It is the traveller and not the country that gives the principal charm to a tour. It is not so much *what* he sees as *how* he sees that interests the reader, who seeks to learn the impressions which the scenes and persons beheld produced upon the mind of the writer, rather than the mere forms, outlines, and measurements of the objects themselves. For perusal we do not need a catalogue or a chronology, but a picture imbued with the hues of the artist's imagination. Hence it is that the most popular writers of travels are those who, with an excusable egotism, have given to their story the shape of adventures, awakening the reader's curiosity by the interest that attends a personal narrative. Thus written, there is no road so travelled that it would not afford materials for an amusing and instructive book, and even *Belgium, the Rhine, and Switzerland* may be invested with more than the novelty of travels in Siberia, if only the tourist depart from the guide-book system of dry details of facts and figures, and devote the greater portion of his pages to a lively sketch of the impressions which the aspect of foreign places, persons, and things produced upon his own mind. Such a tour is read with interest by those who have not yet visited the scenes thus introduced, and with yet more eager curiosity by those to whom they are familiar, and who desire to compare the impressions made upon another mind with those which were produced upon their own; to which is added the pleasure of having those moments of past enjoyment vividly reproduced, and, as it were, making their travels o'er again.

Now Mr. BUCKINGHAM certainly does not quite accomplish this ideal of a tourist in a familiar track, for his narrative is a little too *didactic* and not enough *personal*. Indeed, of himself you know scarcely anything; he seldom appears upon the stage; you hear the teacher telling pleasantly about all sorts of things, but it is a mere voice; you do not associate it with any particular features, or form, or disposition, and of adventure there is literally nothing. But, on the other hand, Mr. BUCKINGHAM is full to overflowing of information on every subject directly or indirectly suggested by what he sees or hears, and therefore, whether as preparatory to continental travelling, or to recall the memories of it in those who

have travelled, his autumnal tour is a welcome and valuable contribution to the library, and will deserve and, we doubt not, obtain, an extensive perusal in the family circle, for which its *explanatory* tone, and wholesome strain of sentiment, peculiarly adapt it.

Necessarily it is a work which it would be impossible to pursue, chapter by chapter, in a review. To the general description of it given above, we can only subjoin some extracts, taken almost at random, to exhibit the painstaking of the author. But we should premise that the volumes are adorned with many beautiful engravings of city and mountain scenery, which add very much to the interest of the traveller's descriptions.

Thus, as of present interest, take his account of the constitution of

CANTON NEUCHÂTEL.

Is also small, being not more than thirty miles in length and ten in average breadth, with a population of only sixty thousand for the whole Canton. The chain of the Jura mountains run through it, and its most elevated peaks are upwards of five thousand feet high. The soil is fertile, and its surface is about equally divided into arable, vineyards, pastures, and forests. There is not sufficient grain grown for the supply of its own inhabitants, but large quantities of wine are produced for exportation, as well as cattle and cheese. Like Zurich, it is a large manufacturer of cotton and lace, and it is said that a great portion of the watches sold at Geneva are made in the villages and towns of this Canton, and sent there to enjoy a higher reputation which a supposed Genevese origin confers on them. The peculiarity of the position of Neuchâtel, as a Prussian principality and a Swiss Canton, a member at the same time of a monarchical and a republican State, necessarily begets some peculiarities in its form of government. This has been partly described: but a few particulars may be added. The King of Prussia nominates all the Executive Council, without any power on the part of the Legislature to object to any member of it; and besides the ten oldest members of the King's Councillors of State, who are nominated by him to the Representative Assembly, he has the choice of fourteen others from lists presented to him by the inhabitants, and these nominations are for life. The Legislature is convoked or dismissed at the will of the Prussian governor, with this restriction only—that it must be assembled at least once in two years. The Legislature can alone repeal or alter any law; but the assent of the sovereign is essential to its validity. Notwithstanding this admixture of monarchical and republican institutions, the practical working of the whole is favourable; and this is mainly owing to the lightness of taxation and general freedom of trade throughout the Canton. There is no duty on any raw materials imported, no direct tax on any commodity of trade, no duties or imposts on any article of food or drink, and only a slight payment on land and salt; no licenses required for residence or profession from strangers, no exclusive privileges of patents or charters, and no stamps used. The condition of the people is therefore one of very general prosperity, while instruction is so widely diffused, that the instances are very rare in which any native of the Canton can be found who cannot read and write—a benefit it no doubt derives in some degree from its Prussian connection. The courts of justice are easily accessible, and characterised by great equity in their proceedings. The inhabitants are chiefly Protestants; and French is universally understood. The revenue affords a surplus above expenditure, light as is the taxation; and out of this surplus they pay a tribute of four thousand pounds sterling per annum to the king, and furnish a regiment of infantry to the Prussian service, and a fixed number of men to the army of the Swiss Confederation.

Another passage which will be read with a great deal of interest everywhere, is an account of

AN INTERVIEW WITH JENNY LIND.

As I dreamt of the opera all night, my first im-

pulse on awakening in the morning was to send a note to Mdlle. Lind, to express my gratitude for the delight which her performance had afforded us, and to ask permission to pay our respects to her in person at the Traube Hotel, where she had apartments. A very gracious acquiescence was speedily returned, and soon after noon we waited upon her. We were received with a most cordial welcome and the utmost affability. At this near interview, we had a better opportunity of judging of her person than under the disguise of dramatic costume. We found her not handsome, but most winningly interesting; of slender form, good figure, and middle stature, with pleasing features, light blue eyes, light brown hair, and a smile of indescribable sweetness. She was dressed as simply as a quaker, with a high morning dress of a dark olive colour, plain white collar and cuffs, and with a neck and hands of the most delicate whiteness. She received the expressions of our admiration with great modesty; but when we spoke of the pleasure it must afford her to witness the effects of her power on others, she said that no one could imagine the pain she suffered from apprehension of failure; for while singing in one act, she was under frequent dread of failure in the next, and often trembled lest some unexpected accident should mar all the impressions she had made in the first. Her age appeared certainly under twenty, and yet she had the self-possession and finished manners of one who had been for many years in habitual intercourse with the best society. When I told her, that, on being asked by Mrs. Buckingham what were my impressions, I replied, that I held her to be equal to Pasta in acting, and Grisi in singing, with more natural and exquisite grace than either, she blushed deeply, and her eyes were filled with tears. After a little pause, in which she evidently struggled hard with her feelings, she said that the repeated calls made for her to come forward between the acts were always painful for her to obey, and that she should be much more contented if she could be less noticed. All this was uttered with such a look of innocence and truth as left no doubt on our minds of its genuineness and entire sincerity. She added, that she did not feel happy on the stage, and hoped to leave it soon; to which we could not help rejoicing, that though every one would hear with regret of any abrupt termination of her brilliant and triumphant career, yet it would be the height of ingratitude on the part of those to whom she had given such extreme delight not to wish that her own gratification, in whatever that might consist, should be preferred to that of all others.

We had heard of her being betrothed in marriage to a young Protestant clergyman in Stockholm, of humble but respectable parentage, and with slender means; and that, in her attachment to this her first love, she had refused the suit of the son of the Earl of Westmoreland, though backed by the authority and approbation of his father, then Ambassador at Berlin. Though this was a subject on which, of course, it would have been impossible, without great indelicacy, to have said a word, yet we received an impression, from some observations that fell from the lady's lips during our agreeable interview, that a domestic alliance was in all probability the polar-star to which her ultimate hopes were directed; and that the happy object of this hope was well known and determined on. Among other things, we expressed our conviction that her appearance on the stage of the Italian Opera in England would be hailed by an enthusiasm not inferior to that with which she had been received throughout Germany; and I proffered my services, if desired, to be the medium of a negotiation with Mr. Lumley on this subject, which I could not but believe would be entered into on terms of just liberality on his part. She thanked us for this evidence of our interest in her welfare; but said, she feared there were insuperable obstacles to such an arrangement. Our curiosity was naturally awakened to know what these could be; then she stated, that in an unguarded hour, and under the pressure of great importunity, she had consented to an engagement offered to her by Mr. Bunn, to perform in English operas at Drury-lane Theatre; having been persuaded by that gentleman that it would be very

easy to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the English language in a very short time to be enabled to do so effectually. This was found by her to be much more difficult than was at first apprehended; and she considered herself, therefore, unable to fulfil the engagement. At this period of the affair Mr. Lumley had made overtures to her for the Italian Opera; but Mr. Bunn was inexorable, and would not consent to forego his claim, threatening, if she landed in England, to obtain an injunction against her performing anywhere until she had fulfilled her engagement with him. She had offered what her best friends and advisers had considered very liberal compensation for Mr. Bunn's disappointment, but all was unavailing; and therefore she had no hope of being able to visit England professionally at all. In addition to all this, she said, that when she remembered the splendour of the Opera House in London—which she had visited as one of the audience during a short stay in England some time ago—the first-rate talent always there employed—the high rank and critical taste of the habitual visitors of that noble establishment—and the severe critical tribunals of the English press—she felt something like dread at attempting so high a flight; and was hardly sorry that circumstances seemed, for the present at least, to forbid the attempt.

In speaking of English persons who had visited Stockholm, her native city, I was glad to find that some friends of mine were well known to Mademoiselle Lind, and were numbered among her most intimate acquaintance. This formed an additional link in the chain of sympathy, and induced us, as well as enabled us, to prolong our agreeable interview. She said she liked those of the English whom she had had the good fortune to know, extremely; there was a heartiness, a cordiality, and a simple frankness, which assimilated them in manners to her Swedish countrymen. She liked the Germans also, whose honest zeal, deep enthusiasm, and boundless kindness had won her gratitude and affection. "But, after all," she added, with the greatest warmth, "I love my dearest Sweden more than all; and I long for the period of my return to its happy mountains." Our visit exceeded an hour in duration. She spoke French with us, and German with Dr. Friese, who accompanied us, and each with equal elegance and fluency; but the interview was so evidently agreeable to all, that we were pressed twice to remain a little longer after having risen to depart, and our lingering was that of a mutual desire to prolong as much as possible that which was pleasurable. We never remembered to have received so favourable an impression of any one after so short an acquaintance; and when I ventured to kiss her hand at parting, it was the sincere and unaffected homage of a pure and intense admiration for unrivalled powers, and quite as high a respect for genuine excellence of natural character, and the sweetest affability of manners.

Lastly, for a specimen of Mr. BUCKINGHAM'S strain of sentiment:—

NATIONAL VANITY.

Before we left Bruges we had another opportunity of meeting a very agreeable party at the table d'hôte of the Hotel de Flandres. Of these, four were English, two German, and the remainder Flemish, and the master of the house occupied the centre of the table to serve his guests. The conversation was very animated and varied. The most prominent topic—suggested, no doubt, by the presence of strangers—was the national characteristics of different races; and the conclusion arrived at, by a comparison of opinions, seemed to be, that the English were too grave and too austere, the Germans too indifferent and too easy, and the French too volatile and too egotistical. A combination of these, in well-harmonised proportions, was thought likely to form a better character for a nation than either of them separately, and the Belgians at table conceived themselves fortunate in possessing this combination, so as to render them in little or no need of improvement. Happy delusion! It is thus that national vanity in turn blinds us all, whether we belong to the island that calls itself the "Sovereign of the Seas," or to the "Grande Na-

tion" of France, or to the "Conquerors of the Mistress of the World," as the Americans are accustomed to name themselves, having driven their cruel mother back across the Atlantic, and set up as a nation for themselves. But, on the other hand, this national vanity has its advantages, and is, perhaps, after all, at the root of national contentment, as it makes the exile exclaim with Goldsmith—

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, ever turns to thee—
Still to my country turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

Another topic of conversation was the relative beauty and interest of the monuments of Belgium, Paris, and London; and as there were no French persons in the party, Paris was, so to speak, unrepresented at this little congress. Her magnificent Place de la Concorde, the finest, perhaps, in Europe, went, therefore, for very little; and the palaces of the Tuilleries, the Luxembourg, and Versailles, the porcelain of Sèvres, and the tapestry of the Gobelins, beautiful as they all are, were but lightly estimated; while the docks of England, the bridges of the Thames, Greenwich Hospital, the Thames Tunnel, the railroads and steam-ships, were as much above par, or at a premium, as every thing French was at a discount. The truth is, that as each country has its excellences and defects in climate, soil, population, institutions, monuments, arts, and pleasures, true wisdom and justice would cheerfully give credit to each for that in which it excelled; and if all nations would but give up a portion of their unreasonable arrogant pretensions to superiority in all things, and admit the claims of others to be as fairly judged as their own, each might then wisely borrow something from the other, and all be gainers by the process.

FICTION.

The Pentamerone; or, the Story of Stories. Fun for the Little Ones. By GIAMBATTISTA BASILE. Translated from the Neapolitan by JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR. With Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. London, 1848. Bogue.

THE popular Neapolitan tales, known by the name of the *Pentamerone*, were produced in the seventeenth century by GIAMBATTISTA BASILE, a Neapolitan. Of the author little is known. He spent his early youth in the island of Crete; he visited Venice; then he followed his sister ADRIANA, a celebrated singer, to Mantua, where he entered the service of the Duke. He died at Naples about the year 1637. GRIMM says of the fairy tales which he published under the title of *The Pentamerone*, that this collection of tales is, indeed, the best and richest that has been made in any country. Not only was tradition at that period more complete, but the author possessed peculiar skill in seizing upon it; in addition to which he had a perfect knowledge of the Neapolitan dialect. In two-thirds of them we observe the same leading features as in the German tales, existing at the present day. The author has introduced no alteration, scarcely a single addition of importance; and this circumstance gives the work a peculiar value. His narration has all the sportive, witty, and lively spirit of the Neapolitan people; he makes continual allusion to the manners and customs of the country, as well as to ancient history and mythology, an acquaintance with which is pretty generally diffused in Italy; in this respect these tales present a striking contrast to the quiet and simple style of German stories.

These fictions are indeed remarkable, not merely for the exuberant imagination they display, but also for the exquisite pictures of natural scenery and touches of true poetry with which they abound. The language is singularly rich in similes, play upon words and

proverbs, mingled, however, with no small quantity of the conceits which were the fashion of his age,—in this respect bearing some resemblance to Sir PHILIP SIDNEY'S *Arcadia*.

Mr. TAYLOR, in his preface, conjectures that the author collected these stories in Crete and Venice. Dr. GRIMM says that they are "unquestionably the wonderful and last echoes of very ancient myths which have taken root over the whole of Europe and opened in an unexpected manner passages of research which were considered to be closed up, and given the clue to the relationship of fable in general."

These tales have been largely used by succeeding writers as the foundations for poems, dramas, and novels; but it is strange that, considering their great popularity in their native country, they should never have been translated into any language out of Italy until the past year.

And Mr. TAYLOR notes another remarkable circumstance,—that after this lapse of two centuries two translations should have been made, quite independently of one another, and given to the press nearly at the same time—one into German by FELIX LIEBRECHT, and the one before us into English.

Mr. TAYLOR has performed his task with great care and seeming accuracy—that is to say, it reads like a true translation:—there is unity throughout. The *ideas* are rendered into English, for there is none of that incongruity which at once betrays the translator who renders literally the words of one tongue into the equivalent words of another without caring to be assured that the same word suggests the same idea in both.

Of the fifty tales contained in the original Mr. TAYLOR has selected thirty, the rest being inadmissible in consequence of their grossness. They have stimulated the congenial pencil of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK to more than his usual exuberance of humour, and his illustrations add greatly to the attractions of a volume which will be read with delight by old and young. It is a real Christmas book, in proof of which we adduce one of the tales that best suits our space:—

THE FLEA.

Once upon a time the king of High-hill, being bitten by a flea, caught him by a wonderful feat of dexterity; and seeing how handsome and stately he was, he could not in conscience pass sentence on him upon the bed of his nail. So he put him into a bottle, and feeding him every day with the blood of his own arm, the little beast grew at such a rate, that at the end of seven months it was necessary to shift his quarters, for he was grown bigger than a sheep. When the king saw this, he had him flayed, and the skin dressed. Then he issued a proclamation, that whoever could tell to what animal this skin had belonged should have his daughter to wife. As soon as this decree was made known, the people all flocked in crowds, and they came from the ends of the world to be present at the scrutiny, and to try their luck. One said that it belonged to an ape, another to a lynx, a third to a crocodile, and in short some gave it to one animal, and some to another; but they were all a hundred miles from the truth, and not one hit the nail on the head. At last there came to this anatomical trial an ogre, who was the most frightfully ugly being in the world, the very sight of whom would make the boldest man tremble and quake with fear. But no sooner had he come, and turned the skin round and smelt it, than he instantly guessed the truth, saying, "This skin belongs to the arch-rascal of the fleas!" Now the king saw that the ogre had hit the apple; but, not to break his word, he ordered his daughter Porziella to be called. Porziella had a face like milk and blood, and was such a miracle of beauty that you could devour her with your eyes, she was so lovely. And the king said to her, "My daughter, thou knowest the proclamation I have

issued, and thou knowest who I am; in short, I cannot go back from my promise,—either a king or a beggar. My word is given; I must keep it, though my heart should break. Who could ever have imagined that this prize would have fallen to an ogre? But since not a leaf shakes without the will of Heaven, we must believe that this marriage has been made first there above, and then here below. Have patience then, and if thou art a good and dutiful girl do not oppose thy father, for my heart tells me that thou wilt be happy, since treasures are often found inside a rough earthen jar." When Porziella heard this sad resolution, her eyes grew dim, her face turned yellow, her lips fell, her legs trembled, and she was on the point of letting fly the falcon of her soul after the quail of grief. At last, bursting into tears, she said to her father, "What crime have I committed that I should be punished thus? How have I acted ill toward you, that I should be given up to this monster? O wretched Porziella, behold you are running like a weasel into the toad's throat of your own accord! like an unfortunate sheep, you are the prey of a ravenous wolf! Is this, O father, the affection you bear your own blood? is this the love you shew to her whom you used to call the joy of your soul? do you thus tear from your heart her who is a part of your blood? do you drive from your sight her who is the apple of your eye? O father! O cruel father! you surely are not born of human flesh; the sea-orks gave you blood, the wild-cats suckled you. But why do I talk of beasts of the land and sea? for every animal loves its young; you alone loathe and hate your own offspring, you alone hold your daughter in abhorrence. Oh, better had it been if my mother had strangled me at my birth, if my cradle had been my deathbed, my nurse's breast a bottle of poison, my swaddling-clothes a halter, and the whistle they tied round my neck a millstone; since I have lived to see this evil day, to see myself caressed by the hand of a harpy, embraced by two bear's paws, and kissed by two boar's tusks." Porziella was going on to say more, when the king, in a furious rage, exclaimed, "Stay your anger, for sugar is dear! fair and softly, for appearances deceive! stop, stop, for the lees are running out; hold you tongue, you ill-mannered chatterbox! what I do is well done. Is it for a girl to teach her father, forsooth? Have done, I say, and don't drive the mustard up into my nose; for if I lay these hands upon you, I'll not leave a whole bone in your skin, and will make you bite the dust. Prithee how long has a child, with the milk still upon her lips, dared to oppose my will? Quick, then, I say! take his hand, and set off with him home this very instant; for I will not have that saucy, impudent face a minute longer in my sight." Poor Porziella, seeing herself thus caught in the net, with the face of a person condemned to death, with the eye of one possessed, with the mouth of one who has taken an emetic, with the heart of a person whose head is lying between the axe and the block, took the hand of the ogre, who dragged her off, without any one accompanying them, to a wood, where the trees made a palace for the meadow, to prevent its being discovered by the sun, and the brooks murmured at having knocked against the stones in the dark, whilst the wild-beasts wandered where they liked without paying toll, and went safely through the thicket, whither no man ever came unless he had lost his way. Upon this spot, which was as black as an unswep chimney, and hideous as the face of hell, stood the ogre's house, ornamented and hung all round with the bones of men whom he had devoured. Think but for a moment, good Christians, on the trembling, the quivering, the horror and affright which the poor girl endured! depend upon it there did not remain a drop of blood in her body. But all this was nothing at all in comparison with what was to come. Before dinner she had peas, and after dinner parched beans. Then the ogre went out to hunt, and returned home laden with the quarters of men whom he had killed, saying, "Now, wife, you cannot complain that I don't take good care of you; here's a fine store of eatables for you; take and make merry, and love me well, for the sky will fall before I let you want

for food." Poor Porziella was sick at this horrible sight, and turned her face away. But when the ogre saw this, he cried, "Ha! this is throwing sweetmeats before swine: no matter, however; only have patience till to-morrow morning; for I have been invited to a wild-boar hunt, and will bring you home a couple of boars, and we'll make a grand feast with our kinsfolk, and celebrate our wedding." So saying, away he went into the forest. Now, as Porziella stood weeping at the window, it chanced that an old woman passed by, who, being famished with hunger, begged some refreshment of her. "Ah, my good woman!" said Porziella, "Heaven knows I am in the power of a devil, who brings me home nothing but quarters and pieces of men he has killed; indeed, I know not how it is that I have the stomach even to look upon such odious things. I pass the most miserable life that ever a Christian soul led; and yet I am the daughter of a king, and have been reared on dainties, and passed my life in plenty." And so saying, she began to cry like a little girl who sees her bread and butter taken away from her. The old woman's heart was softened at this sight, and she said to Porziella, "Be of good heart, my pretty girl; do not spoil your beauty with crying, for you have fallen in with luck; I can help you to both saddle and trappings. Listen now. I have seven sons, who, you see, are seven oaks, seven giants,—Mase, Nardo, Cola, Micco, Petruccio, Ascaddeo, and Cececone,—who have more virtues than rosemary, especially Mase; for every time he lays his ear to the ground, he hears all that is passing within thirty miles around: Nardo, every time he spits, makes a great sea of soap-suds: every time that Cola throws a bit of iron on the ground, he makes a field of sharp razors: Micco, every time he flings down a little stick, makes a tangled wood spring up: Petruccio, whenever he throws on the ground a drop of water, makes a terrific river: Ascaddeo, every time he flings a stone, causes a strong tower to spring up; and Cececone shoots so straight with a cross-bow, that he can hit a hen's eye a mile off. Now, with the help of my sons, who are all courteous and friendly, and who will all take compassion on your condition, I will contrive to free you from the claws of the ogre; for such a delicate morsel is not food for the huge throat of this monster." "No time is better than now," replied Porziella; "for that evil shadow of a husband of mine is gone out, and will not return this evening, and we shall have time to slip off and run away." "It cannot be this evening," replied the old woman; "for I live a long way off; but I promise you, that to-morrow morning I and my sons will all come together and help you out of your trouble." So saying, the old woman departed, and Porziella went to rest with a light heart, and slept soundly all night. But as soon as the birds began to cry, "Long live the Sun!" lo and behold, there was the old woman with her seven sons; and placing Porziella in the midst of them, they proceeded towards the city. But they had not gone above half a mile, when Mase put his ear to the ground, and cried, "Hollo, have a care? here's the fox! The ogre is come home, and not finding his wife, he is hastening after us with his cap under his arm." No sooner did Nardo hear this, than he spat upon the ground, and made a sea of soap; and when the ogre came, and saw all the suds, he ran home and fetched a sack of bran, he strewed it about, and worked away, treading it down with his feet, until at last he got over this obstacle, though with great difficulty. But Mase put his ear once more to the ground, and exclaimed, "Look sharp, comrade! here he comes!" Thereupon Cola flung the piece of iron on the ground, and instantly a field of razors sprang up. When the ogre saw the path stopped, he ran home again, and clad himself in iron from head to foot, and then returned, and got over this peril. Then Mase, again putting his ear to the ground, cried, "Up, up, to arms! to arms! for see, here is the ogre coming at such a rate, that he is actually flying." But Micco was ready with his little stick, and in an instant he caused a terrible wood to rise up, so thick that it was quite impenetrable. When the ogre came to this difficult pass, he laid hold of a Carrara knife that he wore at his side, and began to fell the poplars and oaks right

and left, to tumble down the pine-trees and cornel-trees; inasmuch, that with four or five strokes he laid the whole forest on the ground, and got clear out of the maze. Presently Mase, who kept his ears on the alert like a hare, again raised his voice and cried, "Now, we must be off; for the ogre has put on wings, and see, here he is at our heels!" As soon as Petruccio heard this, he took a sip of water from a little fountain that was spurting out of a stone basin, squirted it on the ground, and in the twinkling of an eye a large river rose up on the spot. When the ogre saw this new obstacle, and that he could not make holes as fast as they found bungs to stop them, he stripped himself stark naked, and swam across to the other side of the river, with his clothes upon his head. Mase, who put his ear to every chink, heard the ogre coming, and exclaimed, "Alas! matters go ill with us now; I already hear the clatter of the ogre's heels: Heaven help us! So let us be upon our guard, and prepare to meet this storm, or else we are done for." "Never fear," said Ascaddeo, "I will soon settle this ugly ragamuffin." So saying, he flung a pebble on the ground, and instantly up rose a tower, in which they all took refuge without delay, and barred the door. But when the ogre came up, and saw that they had betaken themselves to a place of safety, he ran home, got a vine-dresser's ladder, and hid with it on his shoulder back to the tower. Now Mase, who kept his ears hanging down, heard at a distance the approach of the ogre, and cried, "We are now at the butt-end of the candle of hope! Cececone is our last resource, for the ogre is coming back in a terrible fury. Alas, how my heart beats, for I foresee an evil day!" "You coward!" answered Cececone; "let little Dominick alone, and I will hit him with a ball." As Cececone was speaking, the ogre came, planted his ladder, and began to climb up; but Cececone, taking aim at him, shot out one of his eyes, and laid him at full length on the ground, like a pear dropped from the tree: then he went out of the tower, and cut off the ogre's head with the big knife he carried about him, just as if it had been new-made cheese. Thereupon they took the head with great joy to the king, who rejoiced at recovering his daughter, for he had repented a hundred times having given her to an ogre. And not many days after, the king procured a handsome husband for Porziella, and he heaped riches on the seven sons and their mother, who had delivered his daughter from such a wretched life. Nor did he omit to call himself a thousand times to blame for his conduct to Porziella, and having out of mere caprice exposed her to such peril, without thinking what an error he commits, who goes looking for wolf's eggs.

A Christmas Greeting to my English Friends.
By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. London, 1848. Bentley.

So often has ANDERSEN been introduced to our readers, with the praises that, in our estimation, are due to the sweetest of the living writers of those prose poems, charming in their simplicity, which had their origin in the early ages of civilization, and the revival of which had been deemed utterly hopeless, that it is unnecessary now to say anything about him, other than to introduce to our readers the Christmas book which he has written for the especial amusement and edification of his English friends. It contains seven stories, fanciful in conception and poetical in composition, as are all ANDERSEN'S fictions, and, without another word of commendation upon a book whose title-page will be a sufficient passport to popularity, we take as a specimen one of the tales, not as the best, but as that whose brevity is best adapted to our space.

A MOTHER.

There sat a mother with her little child. She was so downcast, so afraid that it should die! It was so pale, the small eyes had closed themselves, it drew its breath so softly, and now and then with a deep respiration, as if it sighed; and the mother looked still more sorrowfully on the little creature. Then a knocking was heard at the door, and in came a poor old man wrapped up as in a large horse-cloth, for it warms one, and he needed it, as it was the cold winter season. Everything out of doors was covered

with ice and snow, and the wind blew so that it cut the face. As the old man trembled with cold, and the little child slept a moment, the mother went and poured some ale into a pint pot and set it on the stove, that it might be warm for him; the old man sat and rocked the cradle, and the mother sat down on a chair close by him, looked at her little sick child that drew its breath so deep, and raised its little hand. "Do you think that I shall save him?" said she; "Our Lord will not take him from me!" And the old man—it was Death himself,—he nodded so strangely, it could just as well signify yes as no. And the mother looked down in her lap, and the tears ran down over her cheeks; her head became so heavy—she had not closed her eyes for three days and nights; and now she slept, but only for a minute, when she started up and trembled with cold: "What is that?" said she, and looked on all sides; but the old man was gone, and her little child was gone—he had taken it with him; and the old clock in the corner burred, and burred, the great leaden weight ran down to the floor, bump! and then the clock also stood still. But the poor mother ran out of the house, and cried aloud for her child. Out there, in the midst of the snow, there sat a woman in long black clothes; and she said, "Death has been in thy chamber, and I saw him hasten away with thy little child; he goes faster than the wind, and he never brings back what he takes!" "Oh, only tell me which way he went!" said the mother; "Tell me the way, and I shall find him!" "I know it," said the woman in the black clothes; "but before I tell it thou must first sing for me all the songs thou hast sung for thy child. I am fond of them, I have heard them before. I am Night; I saw thy tears whilst thou sang'st them!" "I will sing them all, all!" said the mother; "but do not stop me now; I may overtake him—I may find my child!" But night stood still and mute. Then the mother wrung her hands, sang and wept, and there were many songs, but yet many more tears; and then Night said, "Go to the right, into the dark pine-forest; thither I saw Death take his way with thy little child." The roads crossed each other in the depths of the forest, and she no longer knew whither she should go; then there stood a thorn-bush,—there was neither leaf nor flower on it; it was also in the cold winter season, and ice-flakes hung on the branches. "Hast thou not seen Death go past with my little child?" said the mother. "Yes," said the Thorn-bush; "but I will not tell thee which way he took, unless thou wilt first warm me up at thy heart. I am freezing to death; I shall become a lump of ice!"

And she pressed the thorn-bush to her breast so firmly that it might be thoroughly warmed, and the thorns went right into her flesh, and her blood flowed in large drops; but the thorn-bush shot forth fresh green leaves, and there came flowers on it in the cold winter night, the heart of the afflicted mother was so warm, and the thorn-bush told her the way she should go. She then came to a large lake, where there was neither ship nor boat. The lake was not frozen sufficiently to bear her; neither was it open, nor low enough that she could wade through it; and across it she must go, if she would find her child. Then she lay down to drink up the lake, and that was an impossibility for a human being, but the afflicted mother thought that a miracle might happen nevertheless. "Oh, what would I not give to come to my child!" said the weeping mother; and she wept still more, and her eyes sank down in the depths of the waters, and became two precious pearls; but the water bore her up, as if she sat on a swing, and she flew in the rocking waves to the shore on the opposite side, where there stood a mile-broad strange house; one knew not if it were a mountain with forests and caverns, or if it were built up; but the poor mother could not see it, she had wept her eyes out. "Where shall I find Death, who took away my little child?" said she. "He has not come here yet," said the old grave-woman, who was appointed to look after Death's great greenhouse. "How have you been able to find the way hither? and who has helped you?"

"Our Lord has helped me," said she. "He is merciful, and you will also be so. Where shall I find my little child?" "Nay, I know not," said the woman, "and you cannot see. Many flowers and trees have withered this night; Death will soon come and plant them over again. You certainly know that every person has his or her life's tree or flower, just as every one happens to be settled; they look like other plants, but they have pulsations of the heart. Children's hearts can also beat; go after yours, perhaps you may know your child's; but what will you give me if I tell you what you shall do more?" "I have nothing to give," said the afflicted mother, "but I will go to the world's end for you!" "Nay,

I have nothing to do there," said the woman; "but you can give me your long black hair; you know yourself that it is fine, and that I like. You shall have my white hair instead—that's always something." "Do you demand nothing else?" said she. "That I will gladly give you." And she gave her her fine black hair, and got the old woman's snow-white hair instead. So they went into Death's great greenhouse, where flowers and trees grew strangely into one another. There stood fine hyacinths under glass bells, and there stood strong-stemmed peonies; there grew water-plants, some so fresh, others half sick; the water-snakes lay down on them, and black crabs plucked their stalks. There stood beautiful palm-trees, oaks, and plantains; there stood parsley and flowering thyme: every tree and every flower had its name; each of them was a human life, the human frame still lived—one in China, and another in Greenland—round about in the world. There were large trees in small pots, so that they stood so stunted in growth, and ready to burst the pots; in other places, there was a little dull flower in rich mould, with moss round about it, and it was so petted and nursed! But the distressed mother bent down over all the smallest plants, and heard within them how the human heart beat; and, amongst millions, she knew her child's.

"There it is," cried she, and stretched her hands out over a little blue crocus, that hung quite sickly on one side. "Don't touch the flower," said the old woman, "but place yourself here, and when Death comes—I expect him every moment—do not let him pluck the flower up, but threaten him that you will do the same with the others. Then he will be afraid. He is responsible for them to *Our Lord*, and no one dares to pluck them up before *He* gives leave." All at once an icy-cold rushed through the great hall, and the blind mother could feel that it was Death that came. "How hast thou been able to find thy way hither?" he asked. "How could'st thou come quicker than I?" "I am a mother," said she. And Death stretched out his long hand towards the one little flower, but she held her hands fast around his, so tight, and yet afraid that she should touch one of the leaves. Then Death blew on her hands, and she felt that it was colder than the cold wind, and her hands felt down powerless. "Thou canst not do any thing against me!" said Death. "But that *Our Lord* can!" said she. "I only do His bidding!" said Death. "I am His gardener; I take all His flowers and trees, and plant them out in the great garden of Paradise, in the unknown land; but how they grow there, and how it is there, I dare not tell thee."

"Give me back my child!" said the mother; and she wept and prayed. At once she seized hold of two beautiful flowers close by, with each hand, and cried out to Death, "I will tear all thy flowers off, for I am in despair." "Touch them not!" said Death. "Thou say'st thou art so unhappy, and now thou wilt make another mother equally unhappy." "Another mother!" said the poor woman, and directly let go her hold of both the flowers. "There, thou hast thine eyes," said Death; "I fished them up from the lake, they shone so bright; I knew not they were thine. Take them again, they are now brighter than before. Now look down into the deep well close by; I shall tell thee the names of the two flowers thou wouldst have torn up, and thou wilt see their whole future life—their whole human existence; see what thou wast about to disturb and destroy." And she looked down into the well; and it was a happiness to see how the one became a blessing to the world, to see how much happiness and joy were felt everywhere. And she saw the other's life, and it was sorrow and distress, horror and wretchedness.

"Both of them are God's will!" said Death. "Which of them is Misfortune's flower? and which is that of Happiness?" asked she. "That I will not tell thee," said Death; "but this thou shalt know from me, that the one flower was thine own child! it was thy child's fate thou saw'st,—thy own child's future life!" Then the mother screamed with terror, "Which of them was my child? Tell it me! save the innocent! save my child from all that misery! rather take it away! take it into God's kingdom! Forget my tears, forget my prayers, and all that I have done!" "I do not understand thee!" said Death. "Wilt thou have thy child again, or shall I go with it there where thou dost not know?" Then the mother wrung her hands, fell on her knees, and prayed to *Our Lord*: "Oh, hear me not when I pray against Thy will, which is the best! hear me not! hear me not!" And she bowed her head down in her lap, and Death took her child and went with it into the unknown land.

The Waverley Novels, New Edition; Guy Mannerling, Vols. I. & II. Edinburgh: Cadell and Co.

THIS new and singularly cheap edition of a work, which every body who has a book-shelf would desire to possess, offers other attractions besides its cheapness. Its size, a small octavo, is agreeable for reading; it is printed in a bold and clear type, it is neatly bound, and each volume has two beautiful engravings. The two volumes of the last month comprise the entire novel of *Guy Mannerling*, with views of Skiddaw; Clerehugh's Tavern, Edinburgh; Windermere, and Caerlaverock Castle.

POETRY.

The Poetic Prism; or, Original and Reflected Rays from Modern Verse, Sacred and Serious. Edited by ROBERT NORTHMORE GREVILLE. Edinburgh, 1848. MacLachlan and Co.

THE outward adornments of this volume are the most beautiful we have ever seen. The binding is a work of art and will grace the most richly furnished drawing-room table. But unlike many publications having attractive outsides, the contents are worthy of the cover. *The Poetic Prism* is a collection of choice poetry, chiefly gleaned from the works of living authors, with a few original contributions, the former, as usual, being much superior to the latter. The editor has displayed very great taste in his selections, and he has wisely eschewed "the Beauties of the Poets," which we find everywhere, and limited his extracts to the less hackneyed productions of the modern poets. In the list of contents we find almost every name of note among our contemporaries, and with such recommendations this volume cannot fail to be bought by all who desire at once a book for ornament and for reading.

RELIGION.

Good and Bad Habits. Three Sermons. By the Rev. J. S. HEWSON, M.A. London. Rivingtons.

THREE Sermons addressed to the Boys of the Collegiate School, Liverpool. They are admirably adapted for youth, and may be read with advantage in schools and families.

Reason, Revelation, and Truth: Some few Thoughts. By a BENGAL CIVILIAN. London, 1848. Smith, Elder and Co.

SOME rational thoughts on subjects which at some time or another must have occupied the profoundest reflections of all who have ever thought. The author presents some views which, as he informs us, have brought upon him a charge of heterodoxy: but he asserts that his aim was to promote the true faith, and he has published the volume in vindication of his orthodoxy, nor do we find anything that justifies the reproach. He has his own views of certain obscure passages of Scripture, but they are entirely consistent with the creed of the truest Christian that breathes.

A Concise History of the Hampden Controversy, from the period of its commencement to the present time. By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A. London, 1848. Smith, Elder and Co.

AN impartial and faithful narrative of this singular controversy, from its commencement in 1832, including all the documents and the passages in the now famous *Bampton Lectures*, out of which the proceedings took their rise. The great merit of this volume, besides being a lucid and continuous statement of all the facts, is its perfect fairness. Mr. CHRISTMAS is content to relate what he has gathered, without the addition of an opinion of his own; and so steadily has he adhered to this rule, that it is impossible to gather from its pages to what side Mr. CHRISTMAS leans. It will be acceptable to all who have interested themselves in the most remarkable controversy of our time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Night Side of Nature; or, Ghosts and Ghost Seers. By CATHERINE CROWE, Authoress of "Susan Hopley," &c. In 2 vols. London, 1848. Newby.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WARNINGS are another curious species of mental phenomena, too frequent to be altogether the result of coincidences. They, also, are within the experience of every body. There are few who have not felt a sort of presentiment of approaching danger, for which no rational explanation can be given. Here is an instance:—

The following case has been quoted in several medical works—at least, in works written by learned doctors, and on that account I should not mention it here, but for the purpose of remarking on the extraordinary facility with which, whilst they do not question the fact, they dispose of the mystery. Mr. D. of Cumberland, when a youth, came to Edinburgh, for the purpose of attending college, and was placed under the care of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, who then resided in the castle. When the fine weather came, the young man was in the habit of making frequent excursions, with others of his own age and pursuits; and one afternoon he mentioned that they had formed a fishing party, and had bespoken a boat for the ensuing day. No objections were made to this plan; but in the middle of the night, Mrs. Griffiths screamed out, "The boat is sinking! Oh, save them!" Her husband said, he supposed she had been thinking of the fishing party; but she declared she had never thought about it at all, and soon fell asleep again. But, ere long, she awoke a second time, crying out that she "saw the boat sinking!" "It must have been the remains of the impression made by the other dream," she suggested to her husband, "for I have no uneasiness whatever about the fishing party,"—but on going to sleep once more, her husband was again disturbed by her cries, "They are gone!" she said, "the boat has sunk!" She now really became alarmed, and, without waiting for morning, she threw on her dressing gown, and went to Mr. D. who was still in bed, and whom, with much difficulty, she persuaded to relinquish his proposed excursion. He, consequently, sent his servant to Leith with an excuse; and the party embarked without him. The day was extremely fine, when they put to sea; but some hours afterwards, a storm arose, in which the boat foundered; nor did any one of the number survive to tell the tale.

Another case in which Mrs. CROWE vouches for the character of the narrator, a professional gentleman, is equally interesting.

He was, not very long since, at the sea-side, with his family, and, amongst the rest, he had with him one of his sons, a boy about twelve years of age, who was in the habit of bathing daily, his father accompanying him to the water side. This practice had continued during the whole of their visit, and no idea of danger or accident had ever occurred to anybody. On the day preceding the one appointed for their departure, Mr. H. the gentleman in question, felt himself, after breakfast, surprised by an unusual drowsiness, which he, having vainly struggled to overcome, at length fell asleep in his chair, and dreamt that he was attending his son to the bath as usual, when he suddenly saw the boy drowning, and that he himself rushed into the water, dressed as he was, and brought him ashore. Though he was quite conscious of the dream when he awoke, he attached no importance to it; he considered it merely a dream, no more; and when, some hours afterwards the boy came into the room, and said, "Now, papa, it's time to go; this will be my last bath;" his morning's vision did not even recur to him. They walked down to the sea as usual, and the boy went into the water, whilst the father stood composedly watching him from the beach, when suddenly the child lost his footing, a wave had caught him, and the danger of his being

carried away was so imminent, that, without even waiting to take off his great coat, boots, or hat, Mr. H. rushed into the water, and was only just in time to save him.

Her explanation of it is as follows:—

Here is a case of undoubted authenticity, which I take to be an instance of clear-seeing, or second sight, in sleep. The spirit, with its intuitive faculty, saw what was impending; the sleeper remembered his dream, but the intellect did not accept the warning; and whether that warning was merely a subjective process—the clear-seeing of the spirit—or whether it was effected by any external agency, the free will of the person concerned was not interfered with.

Again,

The life of the great Harvey was saved by the Governor of Dover refusing to allow him to embark for the Continent with his friends. The vessel was lost, with all on board; and the Governor confessed to him, that he had detained him in consequence of an injunction he had received in a dream to do so.

We introduce a case recorded by Mr. CROWE for the purpose of adding to it.

On the night of the 21st of June, in the year 1813, a lady residing in the north of England, dreamt that her brother, who was then with his regiment in Spain, appeared to her saying, "Mary, I die this day at Vittoria." Vittoria was a town which, previous to the fatal battle, was not generally known even by name in this country, and this dreamer, amongst others, had never heard of it; but, on rising, she eagerly resorted to a Gazetteer for the purpose of ascertaining if such a place existed. On finding that it was so, she immediately ordered her horses, and drove to the house of a sister, who resided some eight or nine miles off, and her first words on entering the room were, "Have you heard anything of John?" "No," replied the second sister, "but I know he is dead! He appeared to me last night in a dream, and told me that he was killed at Vittoria. I have been looking into the Gazetteer and the Atlas, and I find there is such a place, and I am sure that he is dead!" And so it proved; the young man died that day at Vittoria, and, I believe, on the field of battle. If so, it is worthy of observation, that the communication was not made till the sisters slept.

A similar instance occurred some years since, to which there were many witnesses, most of whom are still living.

The wife of the writer of this notice, when a child, was playing in a garden near the artillery barracks at Woolwich, with a party of other children belonging to the families of the officers. Amongst them was a little girl, whose father was then with his regiment in the East Indies. In the midst of their sport this little girl suddenly turned pale, and, screaming, pointed to a spot near them, and said that she saw her father lying there wounded, and she wondered why they did not see him also. She fell into violent hysterics, and was taken into the quarters of the surgeon to the artillery, where she still persisted in her assertion, and gave to the surgeon and several spectators a minute account of the dress and appearance of her supposed father. They considered it a sort of nightmare, and thought little more of it, until, six months afterwards, the news arrived that indeed he had been killed in a skirmish with the natives, and that he had been laid, wounded and dying, under the shade of a tree as the child had described. On reference back, it was found to have been the very day and hour that his little daughter had seen the vision in the garden in the midst of her play-mates.

Can this, by any straining of conjecture, be deemed merely a coincidence?

Double dreaming, however explained, is a

phenomenon as remarkable as any that have been noted. Here is an instance:—

I will relate one that occurred to two ladies, a mother and daughter, the latter of whom related it to me. They were sleeping in the same bed at Cheltenham, when the mother, Mrs. C. dreamt that her brother-in-law, then in Ireland, had sent for her; that she entered his room, and saw him in bed, apparently dying. He requested her to kiss him, but, owing to his livid appearance, she shrank from doing so, and awoke with the horror of the scene upon her. The daughter awoke at the same moment, saying, "Oh, I have had such a frightful dream!" "Oh, so have I!" returned the mother; "I have been dreaming of my brother-in-law!" "My dream was about him, too," added Miss C. "I thought I was sitting in the drawing-room, and that he came in wearing a shroud, trimmed with black ribbons, and, approaching me, he said, 'My dear niece, your mother has refused to kiss me, but I am sure you will not be so unkind!'"

As these ladies were not in habits of regular correspondence with their relative, they knew that the earliest intelligence likely to reach them, if he were actually dead, would be by means of the Irish papers; and they waited anxiously for the following Wednesday, which was the day these journals were received in Cheltenham. When that morning arrived, Miss C. hastened at an early hour to the reading-room, and there she learnt that the dreams had led them to expect: their friend was dead; and they afterwards ascertained that his decease had taken place on that night. They moreover observed, that neither one nor the other of them had been speaking or thinking of this gentleman for some time previous to the occurrence of the dreams; nor had they any reason whatever for uneasiness with regard to him. It is a remarkable peculiarity in this case, that the dream of the daughter appears to be a continuation of that of the mother. In the one, he is seen alive; in the other, the shroud and black ribbons seem to indicate that he is dead; and he complains of the refusal to give him a farewell kiss. One is almost inevitably led here to the conclusion that the thoughts and wishes of the dying man were influencing the sleepers; or, that the released spirit was hovering near them.

Cases of trance are not disputed as facts, but they have never received a rational explanation. The most remarkable instance is that of the famous Indian dervish.

With respect to the dervish or fakier, an account of his singular faculty was, I believe, first presented to the public in the Calcutta papers, about nine or ten years ago. He had then frequently exhibited it for the satisfaction of the natives, but subsequently he was put to the proof by some of the European officers and residents. Captain Wade, political agent at Loodhiana, was present when he was disinterred, ten months after he had been buried by General Ventura, in presence of the Maharajah and many of his principal Sirdars. It appears that the man previously prepared himself by some processes, which, he says, temporarily annihilate the powers of digestion, so that milk received into the stomach undergoes no change. He next forces all the breath in his body into his brain, which becomes very hot, upon which the lungs collapse, and the heart ceases to beat. He then stops up with wax every aperture of the body through which air could enter, except the mouth, but the tongue is so turned back as to close the gullet, upon which a state of insensibility ensues. He is then stripped and put into a linen bag, and, on the occasion in question, this bag was sealed with Runjeet Sing's own seal. It was then placed in a deal box, which was also locked and sealed, and the box being buried in a vault, the earth was thrown over it and trod down, after which a crop of barley was sown on the spot, and sentries placed to watch it. The Maharajah, however, was so sceptical, that in spite of all these precautions, he had him, twice in the course of the ten months, dug up and examined; and each time he was found to be exactly in the same state as when they had shut him up. When he is disinterred, the first step

towards his recovery is to turn back the tongue, which is found quite stiff, and requires for some time to be retained in its proper position by the finger; warm water is poured upon him, and his eyes and lips moistened with ghee, or oil. His recovery is much more rapid than might be expected, and he is soon able to recognise the bystanders, and converse. He says, that during this state of trance his dreams are ravishing, and that it is very painful to be awakened, but I do not know that he has ever disclosed any of his experiences. His only apprehension seems to be, lest he should be attacked by insects, to avoid which accident the box is slung to the ceiling. The interval seems to be passed in a complete state of hibernation; and when he is taken up no pulse is perceptible, and his eyes are glazed like those of a corpse.

Mrs. CROWE has collected numerous cases of interments made while in a trance, and of recoveries. We take a few of them:—

One of the most frightful cases extant is that of Dr. Walker, of Dublin, who had so strong a presentiment on this subject, that he had actually written a treatise against the Irish custom of hasty burial. He himself subsequently died, as was believed, of a fever. His decease took place in the night, and on the following day he was interred. At this time, Mrs. Bellamy, the once celebrated actress, was in Ireland; and as she had promised him, in the course of conversation, that she would take care he should not be laid in the earth till unequivocal signs of dissolution had appeared, she no sooner heard of what had happened, than she took measures to have the grave re-opened; but it was, unfortunately, too late; Dr. Walker had evidently revived, and had turned upon his side; but life was now quite extinct. The case related by Lady Fanshawe, of her mother, is very remarkable, from the confirmation furnished by the event of her death. "My mother, being sick of a fever," says Lady F. in her memoirs, "her friends and servants thought her deceased, and she lay in that state for two days and a night; but Mr. Winslow, coming to comfort my father, went into my mother's room, and, looking earnestly in her face, said, 'She was so handsome, and looked so lovely, that he could not think her dead;' and, suddenly taking a lancet out of his pocket, he cut the sole of her foot, which bled; upon this he immediately caused her to be removed to the bed again, and to be rubbed, and such means used that she came to life, and opening her eyes, saw two of her kinswomen standing by her, Lady Knollys and Lady Russell, both with great wide sleeves, as the fashion then was; and she said, 'Did you not promise me fifteen years, and are you come again already?' which they, not understanding, bade her keep her spirits quiet in that great weakness wherein she was; but some hours after she desired my father and Dr. Howlesworth might be left alone with her, to whom she said, 'I will acquaint you that, during my trance, I was in great grief, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe; but the sense of leaving my girl, who is dearer to me than all my children, remained a trouble upon my spirits. Suddenly I saw two by me, clothed in long white garments, and methought I fell down upon my face in the dust, and they asked me why I was so troubled in so great happiness. I replied, 'Oh, let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years to see my daughter a woman;' to which they answered, 'It is done!' and then at that instant I awoke out of my trance!" And Dr. Howlesworth did affirm, that that day she died, made just fifteen years from that time." I have met with a somewhat similar case to this, which occurred to the mother of a very respectable person, now living in Edinburgh. She, having been ill, was supposed to be dead, and preparations were making for her funeral, when one of her fingers was seen to move, and, restoratives being applied, she revived. As soon as she could speak, she said that she had been at the gates of heaven, where she saw some going in, but that they told her she was not ready. Amongst those who had passed her, and been admitted, she said, *she had seen Mr. So-and-So, the baker, and the remarkable thing was, that during*

the time she had been in the trance, this man had died. On the 10th of January, 1717, Mr. John Gardner, a minister at Elgin, fell into a trance, and, being to all appearance dead, he was put into a coffin, and on the second day was carried to the grave. But, fortunately, a noise being heard, the coffin was opened, and he was found alive and taken home again; where, according to the record, "he related many strange and amazing things which he had seen in the other world."

Here we pause again.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge.
Vol. III. London, C. Knight.

THIS volume of a work we have already noticed in numbers, commences with the word "Bavaria," and closes with "Cæsar." It really deserves its title of *National*. It is a miracle of cheapness and excellence—two things so rarely found in combination.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Reminiscences of Scenes and Characters in College. By a Graduate of Yale, of the Class of 1821. New Haven: A. H. Maltby.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

HUMORISMS.

THERE were several characters about college, not of t, which every student of that time will remember, inot unpleasantly, as having afforded some amusement. Such a character was a famous underwit by the name of Sam M—x. Nothing in the way of conversation could be more ludicrous than an attempt by Sam to talk gravely on a grave subject, when he would make it apparent that his reasoning powers were not greatly above those of animals. And his command of language corresponded; for though thought is not limited by speech, yet speech, being useless except to convey thought, is not apt to be more copious than ideas. But the dullest wit is sharpened by exercise. Hence, as every one was fond of quizzing Sam for the sake of his replies, which were sure to be such as no one would anticipate, he became remarkably quick at retorts. I give a single instance out of many:—As he was trudging across the yard, always in a hurry, a student called to him from his window, "Sam! what became of the other half of your brains?" "Y—your father never had 'em, or he wouldn't ha' sent you here," was his instant reply. He always spoke from impulse, stammering out his thought on the instant, with the quickness of a flash, seeming incapable of retaining it long enough in his mind to utter it deliberately.

THE OLD HALL.

As for the promotion of order, by means of commons, the second reason for them, they were the direct and prolific source of disorder. They certainly had not the refining effect on manners of a well-ordered family table. The absence of all domestic influences, and still more, the standing dissatisfaction with an arrangement which was at once compulsory and repulsive, gave rise to a variety of acts of sportive mischief, and not unfrequently to grave and cognisable offences. And the spirit of disorder that was generated there, propagated itself, more or less, beyond the Hall; for table manners are proverbially generative of manners elsewhere. The tutors, who were seated at raised tables, could not, with all their vigilance see all that passed, and they winked at much they did see. Boiled potatoes, pieces of bread, whole loaves, balls of butter, dishes, would be flung back and forth, especially between Sophomores and Freshmen; and you were never sure, in raising a cup to your lips, that it would not be dashed out of your hands, and the contents spilt upon your clothes, by one of these flying articles slyly sent at random. Whatever damage was done was averaged on our term-bills; and I remember a charge of six hundred tumblers, thirty coffee-pots, and I know not how many other articles of table furniture, destroyed or carried off in a single term. Speaking of tumblers, it may be mentioned as an instance of the progress of luxury, even there, that down to about 1815, such a thing was not known, the drinking vessels at dinner being capacious pewter mugs, each table being furnished with two. We were at one time a great deal incommoded by the diminutive size of the milk pitchers, which were all the while empty and gone for more. A waiter mentioned for our patience, that when these were used up, a larger size would be provided. "Oh, if that's the case, the remedy is easy." Accord-

ingly the hint was passed through the room, the offending pitchers were slyly placed upon the floor, and, as we rose from the tables, were crushed under foot. The next morning the new set appeared. One of the classes being tired of *lamb, lamb, lamb*, wretchedly cooked, during the season of it, expressed their dissatisfaction by entering the hall bleating; no notice of which being taken, a day or two after they entered in advance of the tutors, and cleared the tables of it, throwing it out of the windows, platters and all; and immediately retired.

AN EASY TUTOR.

Tutor — was very amiable; but he had a habit of extreme simplicity in putting questions. He would split hairs and sub-split them into a dozen; demanding answers so obvious that it seemed ridiculous to give them. This was annoying, and sometimes provoked a satiric reply. A student of highly respectable scholarship, and something of a humourist, is under examination. Question. What is the effect of heat on material substances, as it regards their density or bulk? Ans. Heat expands them. Q. What is the effect of cold? A. Contraction. Q. Is there any exception? A. There is: water is expanded by frost. Q. What would be the consequence, were the fact otherwise with respect to water? A. The ice, being heavier than water, would sink to the bottom. Q. And, as in cold climates, in winter ice would be continually forming on the surface, and sinking, the entire mass would be congealed, would it not? A. It would. Q. And consequently there would be such a vast body of it as would never thaw, would there not? A. I apprehend there would, sir. Q. And hence the climate would be affected, would it not? For example, suppose our great lakes were all frozen to the bottom, this would occasion a degree of cold so intense and permanent, that the adjacent countries would be perpetually frost bound, would they not? A. They would. Q. And incapable of cultivation, would they not? A. They would. Q. And hence they would be uninhabitable, would they not? The subject of this minute interrogation here assumed an appearance of embarrassment, hitching himself into an awkward attitude, and fixing his eyes upon the floor, as if he thought the question too deep to admit of a hasty resolution. After a pause, he answered with ludicrous hesitation, "I rather think they would, sir."

ORIGIN OF THE BULLY-CLUB.

Many years ago, the further back towards the middle ages the better, some students went out one evening to an inn at Dragon, as it was then called, now the populous and pretty village of Fair Haven, to regale themselves with an oyster supper, or for some other kind of recreation. They there fell into an affray with the young men of that place, a hardy, if not a hard set, who regarded their presence there, at their own favourite resort, as an intrusion. The students proved too few for their adversaries. They reported the matter at college, giving an aggravated account of it, and being strongly reinforced, went out the next evening to renew the fight. The oystermen and sailors were prepared for them. A desperate conflict ensued, chiefly in the house, above stairs and below, into which the sons of science entered pell mell. Which came off the worse, I neither know nor care, believing defeat to be far less discreditable to either party, and especially to the students, than the fact of their engaging in such a brawl. Where the matter itself is essentially disgraceful, success or failure is indifferent, as it regards the honour of the actors. Among the Dragoners a great bully of a fellow, who appeared to be their leader, wielded a huge club, formed from an oak limb with a gnarled excrescence on the end, heavy enough to battle with an elephant. A student, remarkable for his strength in the arms and hands, gripped the fellow so hard about the wrist that his fingers opened, and let the club fall. It was seized and brought off as a trophy. Such is the history of the bully-club. It became the occasion of an annual election of a person to take charge of it, and to act as leader of the students in case of a quarrel between them and others. "Bully" was the title of this chivalrous and high office.

In conclusion, we sincerely advise every son's mother to place a copy of this little book in the hands of every mother's son, when he leaves home for college. We commend, also, to professors and students, the remarks on pp. 46—48, concerning literary criticism; yet we think the author's preference for a certain school of writing has warped his judgment on the true value of Reviews, in this age of books; his caution respecting style may be well enough.

DECORATIVE ART.

DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

THE progress of the Union is still very cheering. We have to report farther commendations of the country press.

The *Gloucestershire Chronicle* thinks "The design ought to take deep root. Such an institution would not interfere with the Art-Union of London, but go hand in hand with it. FELIX SUMMERLY's idea would thus be practically applied for the benefit of the many."

The *Stockport Advertiser* says, "The labours of THE CRITIC for the success of the Decorative Art-Union are highly commendable;" and the *Nottingham Mercury* gives its hearty approval of the undertaking.

The *Kilkenny Moderator* speaks in the following laudatory tone:—

"The proposition is indeed deserving of large encouragement, its object being to foster the advancement of design in all manner of ornamental and decorative works; and assuredly an institution likely to give so great an impulse to the finer branches of our trades, is deserving of the utmost attention and warmest approbation. We shall recur at some leisure time to the addresses and prospectus of the Editor of THE CRITIC, in which we heartily concur."

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE visitor to the new Houses of Parliament should make a point of inspecting the roof of the octagon court or central hall of Mr. Barry's great work. The task is rather a dusty one, but, masons' dust forgotten, the ascent is by easy enough scaffolding, and the sight is really wonderful. Conceive two hundred and fifty tons of stone fashioned into one roof, and that one roof containing seventy-two bosses, and each boss when uncarved (as they were when we saw them) of the size of an ordinary millstone! The roofs of Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster, and King's College Chapel at Cambridge, supply a world of wonder to strangers ignorant of the principles of architecture; but here the wonder must still be greater when they see the enormous mass of masonry which Mr. Barry has built like a heaven over head. These vast bosses will be fashioned into roses and portcullises, and, when seen from the ground, will be at the distance of about ninety feet. This octagon court is as striking an illustration of the magnitude of the works now in progress at Westminster as any we could find about the whole building.—A testimonial to Mr. George Cruikshank has been set on foot in Liverpool, and the movement is spreading to the metropolis.—The Government School of Design opened for the season on Monday, and a large number of students were enrolled. The following arrangements for the course of instruction have been adopted:—Class of form, including architectural and geometrical drawing, perspective, free-hand drawing of ornament, light and shade, modelling of the figure—Mr. H. J. Townsend, Mr. R. Burchett, and Mr. C. J. Richardson. Class of colour, including painting in gusaille, the various methods of painting, oil, water-colours, fresco, tempera, and the special study of flower painting (the drawing of the figure from the antique by special arrangement will be continued)—Mr. J. C. Horsley, Mr. R. Redgrave, A.R.A. and Mr. W. Denby. Class of ornament, including the study of the history and principles of ornament, and the application of design to manufactures and decoration—Mr. W. Dyce, A.R.A. Lectures on colour are to be delivered every Friday evening by Messrs. Redgrave and Townsend.—Eleven years of anxious labour and of diligent literary research, both as regards biblical criticism and the connected antiquities of Egypt, have resulted in the construction, by the Rev. R. W. Hartsorn, A.B. of the University of Dublin, of the elaborate and exquisitely finished models now exhibiting at the gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 53, Pall-

mall, of the Tabernacle and Encampment of Israel. The exhibition comprises two models—the one a landscape model fourteen feet by six feet, giving rock, river, mountain, Dead Sea beyond, Levitical encampment complete, with the tribe of Ephraim in the distance, and a variety of tent in miniature, with a miniature tabernacle in the centre of the encampment. The other is a model of the Tabernacle of Israel itself, on a larger scale—one inch to a cubit. This model, whose dimensions are ten feet by five feet, is most beautifully elaborate and critically accurate in the whole of its details. The materials employed in the construction of the original structure are adhered to as nearly as possible in the model, copper only being substituted for brass, the Chaldaic word admitting of that signification. Every vessel employed is in the Egyptian style, and is modelled after some Egyptian antiquity; the embroidery is exceedingly rich and tasteful, and must have occupied some years in its execution; whilst the altar of burnt offering exhibits a curious illustration of the bronze grate of network mentioned in Scripture, and with the figures surrounding it, including the high priest in his ephod and full robes of office, shews out the practice of the Jewish ritual.—A poor artist, named Brett, committed suicide at his residence at Chelsea last week. He was one of the large number of unsuccessful artists who competed for the prizes offered for cartoons to embellish the New Houses of Parliament. Deceased chose for his theme the historical subject of “King Richard pardoning the soldier who had shot him,” which, it will be recollected, was exhibited with the others in Westminster Hall in the summer of 1843. His failure caused him much trouble, and a gloom, from which he never recovered, settled on him soon after the ill-fated verdict.—A circular has recently been sent round amongst artists, proposing the re-establishment of the Life School, for the study of the nude, which existed so long in St. Martin’s-lane. The subscription—the list of which is fast filling up—will be five guineas a-year; and the annual time of study will extend from the first Monday in October to the middle of April.—The *Art-Union* mentions that “M. Gruner has contracted with the Council of the Government School of Design for the production of a work to be entitled, *Louis Gruner’s Book of Ornamental Design, for Purposes of Decoration and Manufacture*. By the artist’s agreement with the council, he is to execute ten parts of the work (of which he has submitted two as a specimen); he is to supply the council with fifty copies of each part,—and to be paid on the delivery of the proofs of each part 130*l.* and 20*l.* additional on the delivery of the said fifty copies. He is authorised to sell parts to the public at a cost not exceeding one guinea each; and he is to defray the entire expense of the work—but to be allowed to use any designs already the property of the council. The whole copyright and the entire profit of the work (subject as above) is to be for the benefit of M. Gruner; who undertakes to produce the ten parts within two years.”—The preservation and restoration of Rubens’s famous Antwerp Pictures continues to be a subject of deep interest, both to connoisseurs and amateurs. A committee, composed of Baron Wappers, Messrs. de Keyser, Navez, Leys, de Brackeleer, and other gentlemen, has been appointed to consider of the best method, and to hear reports and opinions. A valuable note on the preservation of ancient paintings, by M. Paul Bierders, has been sent in to the committee by the Royal Academy.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MR. BALFE is in Paris, and will not return until next month, when he must begin to make preparations for her Majesty’s Theatre, which will open on the 21st, 22nd, or 23rd of February.—There will be a musical festival at Oxford on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of July, under the direction of Sir Henry Bishop, who, it is expected, will succeed the late Dr. Crotch as Professor of Music at the University.

Le Reveil. Waltzes. Composed by E. T. TUGNIE.

London: T. Prowse.

VERY elegant waltzes, having in them the true spirit of that most graceful of dances. They will be an accession to the portfolio.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY’S CONCERT ROOMS,

HANOVER-SQUARE.—Under distinguished Patronage.—The FIRST GRAND CONCERT of the Season will be given on THURSDAY, the 17th of FEBRUARY, by the infant Harpists, ADOLPHUS, ERNEST, and FANNY LOCKWOOD, aged eight, seven, and six years.

N.B.—To the purchasers of family tickets will be presented beautiful portraits of the children, executed by Baugnite, and coloured by the first masters.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.—MR. JOHN REEVE, the son of the late well-known comedian of that name, has adopted the stage as his profession, together with the same range of character in which his father was so famous, and to whom he also bears a strong personal resemblance with great vivacity of temperament, and a fund of mother wit. He is at present in Glasgow, having been the round of the northern provinces, with unusual success. He will, if wise, defer making his bow to a London audience for a time. We could point to an otherwise promising young actor who has committed this fault, and the chances are that he will now never rise in his profession. The rust must be rubbed off elsewhere than in London. First impressions are everything.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Tuesday introduced a double attraction, Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN, and a drama not before brought upon the English stage, *The Wife’s Secret*, by Mr. LOVELL. The play was eminently successful, and the return of the two public favourites was received with hearty rapture. *The Wife’s Secret* is a singularly effective composition. The plot is full of interest, and rivets the attention of the audience by a succession of incident from the first scene to the last. Yet it is simple and natural, events growing out of one another, instead of, as too often is found, thrust in for the sake of effect, with little regard to their necessity or probability. The dialogues are eminently dramatic,—not sparkling, but lively and appropriate, helping on the story, and thus inserted merely to fill up a scene. The plot is thus abstracted by one of the daily papers:—*Sir Walter Amyott* (Mr. CHARLES KEAN), a soldier of the Commonwealth, has espoused *Lady Evelyn* (Mrs. CHARLES KEAN), a scion of a Cavalier family. During the husband’s absence the wife gives refuge to her brother, *Lord Arden* (Mr. HOWE), a fugitive Royalist, and swears not to reveal the fact of his concealment to her husband. The Cavalier is concealed in the lady’s “bow chamber,” but it is the interest of *Jabez Saeed* (Mr. WEBSTER), a cunning old steward, to excite suspicions in *Sir Walter*’s mind touching his wife’s fidelity. Twice is he foiled by the sharp wit of the lady and the devotion of her servants. At length, through a window at night, the husband sees his wife in the arms of a man. Half-banished doubts then turn to certainty. *Sir Walter* is convinced of his wife’s guilt. She is not at first aware of the real nature of the suspicion which he harbours, but to clear it up would involve the betrayal of her relative and the breach of her vow. In the momentary expectation that he will be enabled to effect his escape, she braves perhaps more than a wife ought to facilitate it; and it is not until after she is aware of the real nature of her husband’s convictions that she avows who the harboured man really was. But *Lord Arden* is even then escaping from the house, furnished with a passport which *Sir Walter* intended should have protected his false wife to the sea coast, whence she was to take shipping for France, and leave him for ever. In the agony of the moment, believing that he has been duped, he calls from the window to his attendants to fire upon the flying paramour. But as the horse, instead of the rider, is brought down, the retaken captive serves but to prove the wife’s innocence. Mrs. CHARLES KEAN’s *Evelyn* exhibited all that energy of feeling for which she is famous. She does not merely assume a part—she impersonates a character, and her expression of emotion is consequently unforced and natural; her pathos has no stage trickery about it, but is genuine, felt, and touching. While others may command the admiration, she wins the hearts of her audience. Mr. C. KEAN has improved considerably since his last appearance on the London boards. Age

has tamed his tendency to exaggeration, and study has corrected other faults of manner and added some graces. He will be a valuable accession to our dramatic corps. Mr. WEBSTER, as the old steward, made, as always he does, a perfect character out of a slight sketch. He is the most finished artist upon the stage. Every part is, with him, a study, in acting and dress. It would be well if others would follow his example, and think more of the play and less of themselves. Mrs. KEELEY was very rich as the Puritan servant; it was a part precisely suited to her arch manner, and she played it to perfection and was applauded accordingly.

Mr. MACREADY has entered into a contract for the United States, which will necessitate his departure for America immediately after the termination of his present engagement at the Princess’s Theatre. This engagement was contracted before the appearance of Mr. BROOKE at the Olympic Theatre.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The new tragedian, Mr. G. V. BROOKE, continues to attract overwhelming audiences, and to be received with tumultuous applause. His merits as an actor have already been discussed, yet we cannot resist congratulating the public on the acquisition of an actor exhibiting less conventionalism than any at present upon the stage; we mean this as great praise,—for to be truly an actor requires that the man should be an artist and a poet, and therefore of no school. Mr. BROOKE is evidently one, if not both, of these; yet to do justice to him and to our readers we defer pronouncing definitively on his claims until after his appearance in another character; that of *Othello*, rendering necessary the beginning of the face, conceals materially the workings of that index of the mind, detracting from the merits an actor may possess—concealing any he may lack. This colouring process is always overdone, *Othello*, being a Moor, need not be so black as he is usually made to be. In a fine picture of “*Othello* relating the Story of his Life,” by the late DOUGLAS COWPER, he is represented as having a clear olive complexion, whilst the distinctive type of the Moorish character is portrayed in the features. *Desdemona* could love such a man without detraction from the loveliness of her nature, and the epithets “devil” and “filthy bargain,” cast at him, prove, not that SHAKESPEARE intended that he should be black, but merely how humbled pride and resentment will lavishly deal out heightened vituperations.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Dr. JOHN RYAN is now lecturing on the important subject of chemical “disinfectants.” His lectures include an examination of the nature and effects of the various compounds that have been brought forward. He points out emphatically the difference between disinfection and deodorisation, a mistake often existing that when the disagreeable odour arising from animal and vegetable putrefaction has been removed, the evil effects have been necessarily removed also. Without denying the use of many of the compounds that have been introduced for the purpose, he recommends that more reliance should be placed in ventilation, light, drainage, cleanliness, and temperance, than on the mere effects of disinfecting fluid. This popular place of resort will be closed on the 29th of the present month, and remain closed until the Easter holidays.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

BY MRS. LORRAINE.

’Twas summer when we met, you know,
And flowers and fruits adorned the clime;
An urchin near us, with a bow,
Kept flinging pretty darts at time.

The sun was warm—the sky was clear,—
There were no gloomy clouds above;
The urchin burnt an incense dear
Before our feet—his name was Love.

But, faithless guide, when winter came,
And night—as both will do, no doubt—
Just when we wanted most the flame
To light our steps—he put it out!

Alas, ’tis winter now you know,
And many a cloud looks dark above,
And now ’tis Time, who stole the bow,
Keeps flinging back his darts at Love.

NECROLOGY.

MR. ISAAC DISRAELI.
(From *The Times*.)

WHEREVER the English language is spoken, or even made the subject of translation, the name of Disraeli is honourably known. The writings of father and son

have rendered both celebrated, and each, in earning distinction for himself, has added to the fame of his relative. The matured reputation of Mr. Disraeli, sen. and the great celebrity of his son, make it difficult to say whether the latter has more reason to be proud of his descent than the former had to rejoice that the object of his natural affections was also the source of one of his highest honours.

A man well versed in the history of our species has said that "the chief glory of every country arises from its authors;" and this he propounds, not as an axiom recommended by its novelty, but as a truth sanctioned by the universal consent of mankind. To the authorship of England Isaac and Benjamin Disraeli have been, in their respective walks of literature, extensive and distinguished contributors. The pure and honourable career of the former reached its close on Wednesday last. He had attained the advanced age of 82 years, and a few weeks ago was in the full possession of his usual health, and in the complete enjoyment of his intellectual powers. The prevailing epidemic, however, suddenly assailing a constitution enfeebled by age, soon assumed an aggravated form, and at length this venerable gentleman sank under the attack. He was born at Enfield, in the month of May, 1766, and was the only child of Benjamin Disraeli, a Venetian merchant, who had been many years settled in this country. He received some instruction at a school near the place of his nativity; but, his father conceiving that his education could be more advantageously conducted in Holland, a considerable portion of his boyhood was spent in that country. Before his departure for the Continent, however, he shewed signs of a very precocious intellect, for he began to write verses at the age of ten, and in his sixteenth year he addressed a poetical epistle to Dr. Johnson. After passing some time at Amsterdam and Leyden, where he acquired a knowledge of several modern languages, and where he applied himself to classical studies with some attention, but with no very extraordinary success, he proceeded to the French metropolis. This visit to Paris took place in 1786, when the great revolution was impending, and when its doctrine seemed to have obtained entire possession of all men's minds; but to this very general characteristic of the period Mr. Disraeli proved an exception. He was then, and remained throughout his long life, a purely speculative philosopher—one who never mingled in political broils, or for a single moment knew what it was to be connected with political or religious parties. While in France he read French books, examined the literary treasures accumulated in that country, investigated the genius of its language, and cultivated acquaintance with its living authors and learned men; at this period of his life, therefore, did he imbibe that fondness for French literature which always clung to him, but which is more evident in his criticism than in his style or sentiments, for he wrote his vernacular English tongue with great purity, and identified himself in all things with the land in which he lived. On his return to England, after a course of Continental travel, he published several poems, amongst which it is believed that *Lines on the abuse of Satire* was one; it appeared in the 59th volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and was directed against Peter Pindar, who affected to believe that it was written by Hayley, and made it a pretext for his hostility to the author of *The Trials of Temper*. But, whether he knew the real writer or not, there never was any hostility between Mr. Disraeli and Dr. Waiocott. *The Defence of Poetry* by the learned gentleman just deceased,—who certainly was learned not only by courtesy,—appeared in 1791; but, after a few copies had been sold, he suppressed the whole edition, his motive for which was not very apparent, the literary merit of that production being beyond dispute. In his 24th year he gave to the world a volume consisting of his commonplace book, with critical remarks, under the title of *Curiosities of Literature*. This single volume attracted attention in an age when men of genius abounded. Yet it was then merely an elegant and critical compilation, though it eventually became the origin of that celebrated miscellany in which, at a later period of his life, and especially from the years 1817 to 1824, in successive volumes, he poured forth such a fund of original research of philosophical, entertaining speculation, expressed in so lively and agreeable a style, that the work has always remained one of the chief favourites of our literature. Mr. Disraeli's passion for literary history displayed itself at a very early period of life, and in his latest years it never deserted him. We therefore have his *Quarrels of Authors*, in three volumes, his *Calamities of Authors*, in two volumes, and his *Illustrations of the Literary Character*, in one volume.

The father of Mr. Disraeli being engaged in trade, the celebrated person whose death we now record

naturally supposed, on his return from the Continent, that his friends would expect him to engage in commercial pursuits; but, greatly to his satisfaction, they exonerated him from any such obligation, and, being placed in a position of pecuniary independence, he was free to indulge the tastes and exercise the talents which have enabled him to build up a reputation that will not speedily be forgotten. His twelve volumes, illustrative of the literary character, constitute in themselves a goodly collection, and yet they are understood to have been only chapters in the great work which it was said he was always preparing in the manner of Bayle. Of that well-known writer Mr. Disraeli was a warm admirer, and he certainly resembled him, not only in his curious and varied reading, but in many other respects. To the early numbers of the *Quarterly Review* Mr. Disraeli was a contributor. His review of *Spence's Anecdotes*, in 1820, and a vindication both of the moral and poetical character of Pope, produced the famous Pope controversy, in which Mr. Bowles, Lord Byron, and others took part. But it was not in the criticism of English poetry—for the higher departments of which he seemed to have had no especial vocation—that Mr. Disraeli became most eminent; it was rather as a man of great historical research, and most especially as a writer who completely understood the feelings and idiosyncrasy of literary men. He was the first author who commenced research on an extensive scale amongst the manuscripts of the British Museum, and it must be acknowledged that his writings diffused a taste for historical inquiry and criticism beyond the limited sphere of mere literary men. Although this kind of investigation has been of late years carried to a very great extent, yet he who gave the example should be remembered with thanks and applause; and, notwithstanding that by some of his successors it may have been pursued in a profounder spirit, yet its results never have been rendered more popular than in the writings of Mr. Disraeli. Whatever may have been his attainments in other departments of literature, there can be no doubt that in British history he was very learned, and most especially so as regarded the time of the elder Stuarts. Of this the best evidence may be found in his enquiry into the life of James I. which takes a very different view of the character of that monarch from those in vogue thirty years ago. In the year 1828 his attention was diverted from his history of English literature—which he was always meditating—by the strong desire that he felt to publish his views respecting the all-important age of Charles I. These, comprised in five volumes, he gave to the world at intervals in the course of seven years, under the title of *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.* It was in consequence of the success of this great historical effort that the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. as a testimony of their respect—to use the language of their public orator—*optimi regis optimo defensori*. After the completion of his commentaries he returned with renewed zest to his literary history, and, relying on his strong constitution, united with habits of unbroken study, he was sanguine enough, at the age of threescore and ten, to entertain a hope of completing this undertaking, which he had laid down on a scale of six volumes; but he was stricken with blindness in the year 1839, and, although he submitted to the operation of couching, he could obtain no relief from a calamity most grievous to an historical author. Nevertheless, he soon took heart, and with the aid of his daughter, whose services he has eloquently referred to in his preface, he gave the world some notices of the earlier period of our literary history, under the title of the *Amenities of Literature*. It unfortunately happened that in the progress of this work he did not arrive at that period of our history in which lay Mr. Disraeli's great strength—the life of Pope. It has been pretty generally understood that he long intended to write a life of Pope, his times, and his contemporaries. The lovers of literary history have no slight cause to regret that that undertaking has not been accomplished. There is every reason to believe that he had made great collections for that favourite subject; and, if his sight had been spared, he would probably have appeared before the world as an octogenarian author. Unfortunately, even if (like Milton) he drew more on his imagination than on the resources of his library, he still could not have carried on the work of composition to any great extent; for it is said that he had never used an amanuensis till he lost his sight; and then, probably, from want of practice, dictating the expression of his thoughts became laborious and even painful. Yet, at intervals, he contrived to complete the revision of his work on the reign of Charles I. as well as to improve and greatly amend it.

The death of Mr. Disraeli took place at his country seat, Bradenham-house, in Buckinghamshire; and it may most truly be said, that few lives extending to upwards of eighty years, have been passed with less vicissitude. It has been said of him, that "he seized a book in his cradle;" and, it may be added, that he deposited one on his tomb. Early in life he obtained considerable reputation, which he continued to sustain and increase for more than sixty years, without violent effort, without quackery, and without the adventitious aid of social connection. Besides the publications already referred to, and others which we have perhaps omitted to notice, Mr. Disraeli was the author, in his youth, of several works of fiction, some of which, published anonymously, obtained considerable reputation. Among these the more remarkable was *Meinoun and Leila*—the earliest Oriental story in our literature which was composed with any reference to the propriety of costume. The author was in this production much assisted by Sir W. Ouseley, who first drew his attention to the riches of Persian poetry. The Rabelaisian romance of *Flim Flams*, and the novel of *Vaurien*, written in all the lurid blaze of French conventions and corresponding societies, have both, we believe with authority, been attributed to him. He died a widower, having lost his wife, to whom he had been united for more than forty years, in the spring of 1847. He has left one daughter and three sons, the eldest of whom is the member for Buckinghamshire.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

DEATHS.

- DAWSON, Lady, the wife of the Right Hon. G. R. Dawson, of Castle Dawson, Derry, deputy chairman of the Board of Customs, and sister of Sir R. Peel, on the 15th inst. at Brighton.
- DISRAELI, Mr. Isaac, at Bradenham-house, Bucks, author of *The Curiosities of Literature* and other works, on the 19th inst. aged 82.
- DYER, Charles, esq. of 36, Guildford-street, architect, on the 13th inst. at Doughton, near Tetbury, Gloucestershire, aged 50.
- HERSCHEL, Miss Carolina Lucretia, sister of the late Sir William Herschel, and honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, on the 9th instant, at Hanover.
- MACLEAY, Mrs. wife of Alexander Macleay, esq. F.R.S. &c. on the 13th of August last, near Sidney, New South Wales, at an advanced age.
- POWIS, the Right Hon. Edward Herbert, Earl of, K.G. on the 17th inst. at Powis Castle, aged 62.
- WRIGHT, John W. esq. secretary of the Society of Water Colour Painters, Pall-mall East, on the 14th inst. aged 45.

JOURNAL OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

The Cemetery; a brief Appeal to the Feelings of Society in behalf of Extra-mural Burial. London, 1848. Pickering.

PROSE exhortations to bury the dead where they shall not breed pestilence among the living having as yet failed to procure an abolition of the barbarous practice, poetry has come to the rescue, and the author of this little volume endeavours, with some ability and much zeal, to invoke the feelings of society on behalf of extra-mural burial. The subject does not admit of much poetical imagery, but the author has made the best of his scanty materials, and we trust that his philanthropic endeavours will have the success they deserve.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

CURIOSITY is strained to ascertain the probable fate of a tale that has just appeared, entitled *Arthur Frankland*. It pretends to unfold the experiences of a tragic poet, and is understood to have been written by an eminent writer, whose more recent efforts in the way of fiction have not met with the success which his fame would seem likely to ensure for them.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, Professor Wilson communicated some novel facts in relation to the Chinese system of currency and banking. There is no gold standard—paper notes being used for all purposes, and for trading to any amount, from the value of 1s. 3d. to 100l. These notes are not secured by the Government, but depend for their worth only on the promises and contracts of individuals. Virtually there is no national currency, and the mode of exchange in one locality seldom tallies with the system in

another.—The anniversary celebration of the Jews' and General Literary and Scientific Institution was held at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday. The society is in a very prosperous condition, being the only one of the kind in the country.—The Canton Memorial Fund progresses so slowly that it is doubtful if it can ever reach a sum sufficiently large to pay for either sculpturing or illuminated clocks on the scale of magnificence suggested.—The Dutch ascribe the invention of printing to Laurent Koster, who lived at the beginning of the fifteenth century. A colossal marble statue is now being made, which is to be erected at Harlem, Koster's native city, by public subscription, chiefly among the printers and booksellers of Holland.—A large quantity of brass Roman coins have been found in an urn beneath the soil on one of the Malvern hills. Near the same spot a coronet, or circlet of gold, studded with precious stones, was found in 1650.—The negotiation which has been pending since the appearance of the copyright article in the October number of *Blackwood* between the Edinburgh proprietors, by their attorney, Mr. J. Jay, of New York, and Messrs. Leonard Scott and Co. the republishers, has resulted in an amicable arrangement. By this arrangement the reprint established on a legitimate basis will be continued in its complete and unutilized form, and an early copy furnished to Messrs. Scott, so as to enable them to bring out the magazine at New York at about the same time it will appear in Edinburgh and London. This arrangement, as well from the results to American readers as from the copyright principle in which it originated, will excite equal interest on both sides the Atlantic.—At the recent meeting of Congress at Washington, we find that the state agreed to a motion that each of the senators be entitled to receive four daily papers. This is indeed recognising the influence of the press.—An attempt is being made to organise a union of the literary and scientific institutions of Scotland for mutual aid and assistance.—A museum for the collection of specimens of British ornithology, entomology, and geology, with other kindred subjects, has been established at Ipswich. It is intended chiefly for the instruction of the labouring classes by rendering them familiar with some of the elementary forms and principles of the things which are the subject of their daily avocations.—A despatch has been received by the Lords of her Majesty's Treasury from the minister at Berlin, and by them transmitted to the Commissioners of Customs, intimating the accession of the following states to the international copyright convention, conferring thereon its valuable privileges: Grand duchies of Saxe Weimer and Saxe Altenberg; Principalities of Reus Schleiz, Gerard Lobenstein Ebersdorf, Schwarzboung Rudolstadt, and Schwarzboung Sondershausen.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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Sir James Clarke, Sir A. Cooper, Dr. Bright, and Messrs. Guthrie and Herbert Mayo, of London, strongly recommend Murray's Fluid Magnesia, as being infinitely more safe and convenient than the solid, and free from the danger attending the constant use of soda or potash.

LETTER FROM J. MURRAY-ESQ. LECTURER ON CHEMISTRY, F.S.A., P.L.S.

"To Sir James Murray, Dublin."

"Portland-place, Hull, August 30, 1839."

"DEAR SIR JAMES,—Many years have elapsed since you first shewed me, in your laboratory, your super-carbonate, or soluble Magnesia, and demonstrated experimentally the remarkable quantity of pure Magnesia held in transparent solution. It was then new to me, as it was to the chemical world, and I speak advisedly as a practical chemist. I believe its medical value cannot be too highly estimated, and I am satisfied that the public is under an infinite debt of gratitude to you for those valuable researches which have been the means of its introduction. Not to mention its more obvious healing virtues, I believe it to be almost, if not altogether, a specific for Lithic Acid Concretions, when used in the pure condensed solution invented by you."

"Believe me to be, yours faithfully,"

JOHN MURRAY, F.S.A.

The following testimonial of the celebrated "Dustin Family," who are well known to her Majesty and the nobility of England, proves the great value of Sir James Murray's Fluid Magnesia, and is very encouraging for delicate persons going to sea:—

"To Sir J. Murray."

"Tutthill's Hotel, Dawson-st. Dublin, Feb. 19, 1839."

"Sir,—Having arrived from Glasgow, per the steamship *Jupiter*, in this stormy season, without the slightest sea-sickness, we feel bound to attribute this exemption to the most agreeable *effervescent draughts* of your solution of Magnesia and Acidulated Syrup, which were kindly furnished to us by that attentive officer, Captain Ellis."

"Upon all former occasions we were martyrs to sea-sickness, and we think it a great blessing that travellers may now enjoy such health and comfort at sea, as we derived from the use of this *delightful drink*. 'THE DUSTIN FAMILY,' From DR. KENNEDY, Master of the Lying-in-Hospital, Dublin."

"DEAR SIR,—I consider the Fluid Magnesia to be a very valuable and convenient remedy in cases of irritation or acidity of the stomach, but more particularly during pregnancy, febrile complaints, infantile diseases, or sea-sickness." In addition to the above, Professor Duncan, of Edinburgh, in his extensive practice, established its efficacy for removing acidities, allaying irritation of the stomach or urinary organs, and for dissolving lithic concretions and uric salts, and consequently as the best remedy for Gravel and Gout.

CAUTION.—In order to avoid the danger of concretions and sediments, which result from the use of over saturated and unchemical compounds made by non-medical persons, the public will please to observe, that Sir James Murray's Pure Fluid Magnesia is prepared of that proportion of strength which is conformable to the laws of chemical equivalents, and which has been proved in hospital and private practice, during the last thirty years, to be the best adapted for the human stomach, and the most suitable for the treatment of females and children.

Sold by the sole consignee, MR. WILLIAM BAILEY, of North-street, Wolverhampton, and all wholesale and retail Druggists and Medicine Agents throughout the British Empire, in bottles, 1s., 2s., 6d., 3s., 6d., 5s., 6d., 11s., and 21s. each. The Acidulated Syrup, in bottles 2s. each.

N.B.—Be sure to ask for "Sir James Murray's Preparation," and to see that his name is stamped on each label in green ink, as follows:—"James Murray, Physician to the Lord Lieutenant."

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